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FINAL SCRIPT

OCTOBER 24, 1946

1495

PART I

OUT OF THE PAST

BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH

2-7

2-6

11-19

11-5

11-4

PLEASE RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

around. There is a slight smile on his face. He looks at the Kid, takes a cigarette from a silver case but does not light it at once. He WHISTLES. The Kid does not turn. He waits, then reaches into the car and pushes the horn. The Kid does not heed it. Curious, Joe walks over to the Kid who, in grease-stained jeans and shirt, bends over the tire - still heedless.

JOE
Nothing is that hard.

The Kid does not turn. Joe lights the cigarette now, flicks the still burning match down at the bent figure. The match strikes the Kid's hand. The Kid turns swiftly now. He is a slim deaf-mute with a sensitive, sad face. He rises and looks at him.

JOE (cont'd)
Where's Bailey?

The Kid is staring at Joe's lips. He shakes his head, then touches his lips and ears.

JOE (cont'd)
Deaf and dumb?

The Kid nods, unsmiling. Cars go by on the broad highway. A motorcycle cop goes past and Joe's eye follows him for a second, while the Kid notes it, his face expressionless as Joe looks back at him - as an idea seems to strike him. Joe points to his own lips.

JOE (cont'd)
Read?

The Kid nods, impassive, his eyes taking in Joe's immaculate shoes and clothes.

JOE (cont'd)
(pointing to sign)
Where's Bailey?

The Kid points towards the hills. Joe's gaze follows. His face is grim. The Kid watches him.

JOE (cont'd)
(looking away; forgetting)
Coming back today?
(then remembering and repeating as he turns back to the Kid)
Coming - back - today?

(CONTINUED)

The Kid just stares at him. A little impatiently Joe snaps his fingers as though commanding an answer. The Kid nods. The slight smile returns to Joe's face. He looks across the street at the Sonora Pass Cafe. Then he looks squarely at the Kid.

JOE (cont'd)
I'll wait.

The cigarette still in his mouth, Joe looks at his hands takes out a nail file, and starts across the highway, down which cars move. The kid watches him go, curious, worried faintly, but motionless. Carelessly, Joe crosses the highway. There is a SQUEAL of brakes as a car has to pull up and swerve. The mumbled curse SOUNDS out from the driver. Indifferent and not even hurried, Joe goes on across the highway toward the entrance to the Cafe. The Kid watches, impressed and worried by this stranger. Then he turns and goes to the Cadillac. Pauses, glances back across the highway, then peers in the open door, his hand reaching inside to turn the registration slip and read it.

6 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Kid. His eyes narrow slightly as he reads the registration slip; he lets the slip turn back to hang under the wheel post, looks up, his eyes following Joe as he crosses the street.

EXT. SONORA PASS CAFE - DAY

7 As Joe walks toward the entrance, a Ford station wagon with an "E" license pulls up at the curb. Joe glances over to see a tall, good-looking guy - Jim Caldwell - at the wheel. The sign on the station wagon identifies it as the property of the State Fish and Game Commission. As Jim gets out, Joe goes on into the cafe.

INT. SONORA PASS CAFE - DAY

8-9 This is a small clean coffee-pot type of cafe, not elaborate and fairly new. There is a counter and tables and in one corner a juke box. As Joe enters, he goes to the juke box, now silent, and selects a record. From this angle, he can see the gas station across the street (PROCESS). Jim is now entering; he moves quickly across to the counter. Marny, the waitress, looks up from a crumpled fan magazine and gives him a look of recognition. Her entire life seems to be a conflict between pessimism and curiosity.

JIM
Hello, Marny.

MARNY
(flatly)
Well, look who's back.

JIM
You dye your hair?

MARNY
Why?

JIM
I always keep thinking you're blonde.

MARNY
For all the thinking you do about me, I could be baldheaded.

JIM
Ham on rye.
(casually)
Did you miss me, honey?

MARNY
(pouring coffee)
If I didn't I can't think of anybody else who did.

Joe has moved from the machine to the counter; the MUSIC is coming over. Joe sits at a stool that affords a view of the service station across the street

MARNY (cont'd)
One thing sure - that Bailey don't miss nothin'.

At the mention of this name Joe glances curiously at them. Jim doesn't like the remark but he rides with it.

JIM
Neither do you.

MARNY
She's your girl and he ain't my man. So it's no skin off my nose. I just see what I see.

JIM
You sure you don't see what you hear?

MARNY
Nothin' can happen in this town that I won't hear across this counter. I'm just saying what I see. Every day they go fishing together -

JIM
The sandwich.

MARNY
(as she gets it)
Two things I can smell inside a hundred feet: burning hamburger and a romance.
(as he is silent)
Where you been this time?

JIM
L.A.

MARNY
More coffee?

JIM
No thanks.

MARNY
First she's got you and now she's got you and Bailey. And the only thing I seem to get is older -

JIM
(rising)
You got a customer.

He nods toward Joe, turns and walks out abruptly. Marny watches him go, then slowly looks at Joe.

MARNY
I guess I must have said something.

JOE
You talked enough.

MARNY
Seems like everything people ought to know is what they don't want to hear. I guess that's the big trouble with the world.

JOE
Either that or you're on the wrong side of the counter.
(taking out a cigarette)
Tell me something.

MARNY
You don't look as though I could.

JOE
(blandly)
How should I go about getting some coffee in here?

MARNY
One fairly successful way has been to ask for it.

(smiling)
Coffee?

She gets him a cup. She sighs a little.

MARNY
I guess Monday is always a bad week for me.

Joe reaches for the sugar; she helps him. He pours some.

JOE
That Bailey who burns you up - he run the gas station... ?

MARNY
(curious)
You know him?

JOE
I think I might have once.

MARNY
If he keeps mooning around Jim's girl, nobody will know him.
(sighing)
And that would be too bad.

JOE
You see much of this Bailey?

MARNY
Every day -
(with a wry look)
From here.

JOE
I used to wonder what happened to the guy and then one day I breeze through here and there's his name on a sign.

MARNY
It's a small world.

JOE
Yeah....or a big sign.

He turns slowly and glances at the sign across the street, while she looks at him curiously.

DISSOLVE

10 OMITTED

EXT. HILL NEAR MEADOW - DAY

11 In the distance can be seen a small, green meadow, ringed with lodgepole pines. A creek cuts through it. The Kid is walking to the crest of the low hill. He stops to look down into the distant meadow where two figures can be seen near the creek. Satisfied, the Kid moves on.

EXT. MEADOW - BY CREEK - DAY

12 There is a rumble of thunder overhead. A cloud slides across the meadow. Jeff Bailey stands by the creek putting his fishing gear in order. As he turns, CAMERA PANS TO include Ann Miller, lying with her head pillowed on her hands. She is fresh, young, pretty, clad in skirt and shirt and tennis shoes.

ANN
They say the day you die your name is written on a cloud.

JEFF
Who says so?

ANN
They.

JEFF
(moving toward her)
Never heard of them.
(sits down beside her, glances up)
Nothing in that one but rain.
(alternate line: "No name on that one."
(he gets more comfortable; looking at her)
You think we ought to go home?

ANN
Yes.

JEFF
You want to?

(CONTINUED)

ANN
No.
(pause)
Every time I look up at the sky I think of all the places I've never been.

JEFF
Every time you look up they're all the same.

ANN
I've wanted to go to the places I've read about - where the stories always seem to happen -- but I've never been anywhere much --

JEFF
No?

ANN
Except school - and 'Frisco - and...
(with gestures)
- you know...
(smiles at him)
You've been to a lot of places, haven't you?

JEFF
One too many.

ANN
Which was the best?

JEFF
This one. Right here.

ANN
Did you say that to all the places?

JEFF
You see that cove over there? I'd like to build a house right there and marry you and live in it, and never go anywhere else.

ANN
I wish you would.

He bends over and kisses her. It is a long kiss and when he draws back, she has trouble getting her breath and smiles to cover it.

ANN (cont'd)
You weren't ever married before, were you?

JEFF
Not that I can remember.

ANN
That's good. You'd be amazed how people talk about you. The mysterious Jeff Bailey. And very wise people -
(smile)
- like my mother - say to me: "You've only known him less than a year. Where did he come from? What did he do?" And father - he says -

But she realizes that he is no longer listening. The smile has faded from his face, leaving it curious and hard as he looks past her. She turns her head, and some distance away we see the Kid. The Kid is just standing there, as though he waited to be seen. Now as he sees Jeff looking at him, he begins talking with his fingers. Ann looks from one to the other, as Jeff watches The Kid now hurries away and Jeff, rising, helps Ann to her feet in silence. Jeff glances at the sky, dark now with the big cloud.

JEFF
We'd better go.

He picks up the stuff, and in silence she takes hers, and they start, her eyes with puzzled wonder looking at him.

ANN
Is something the matter?

JEFF
Maybe not --

He has a cigarette in his mouth but does not light it because of the rods and flyhooks in his hands. His face is grim and Ann looks curiously at him. She stops him with a little gesture.

ANN
Here.

She holds a match to his cigarette. A little wind is blowing that might bring rain.

ANN (cont'd)
You sure are a secret man.

The match blows out and she lights another. This time he gets it lit.

JEFF
Thanks.

They go on, but he seems a million miles away now. He glances at her when she becomes quiet and serious herself. A thin smile comes over his face.

12 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
A man just wants to see me.

But the mood is destroyed; they seem far apart.

ANN
Oh.

And as they go on, across the meadow, the sky dark and Jeff casting a glance upwards, scowling in the thin spiral of cigarette smoke.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

13 The Kid is working again by the grease rack. Jeff comes on to the drive, glancing casually around. As he does so, the door of the Sonora Pass Cafe opens and he sees Joe come sauntering out, putting the inevitable cigarett in his mouth as he comes, smiling his slight smile. Jef stands there waiting, a smile coming on his face now. He pushes the hat a little on the back of his head.

14 MED. SHOT - Jeff and Joe, as Joe walks up. They look each other over.

JOE
(holding out his hand)
Long time.

JEFF
Hello, Joe.

They shake.

JEFF (cont'd)
Wish it was nicer to see you.

JOE
Everybody missed you, Jeff.
(grinning)
But not as much as I have.

JEFF
And how was that?

JOE
One reason...
(glances at the Kid, who is watching their lips; not working now)
Whit used to look at me and shake his head and wish I had brains like you.

JEFF
And what was the other reason?

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

JOE
(looking at him levelly)
I had to find you.

JEFF
(flicking away his cigarette)
I owe you something?

JOE
Not me.

JEFF
(getting out a pipe)
Who?

JOE
(again glancing at the immovable Kid)
How far can that Kid read lips?

JEFF
I'll ask him sometime.

JOE
This far?

JEFF
(smiling)
You don't like to make any mistakes, do you?

JOE
They don't let me have many.

JEFF
Come on inside.

Jeff turns and Joe follows him. The Kid watches; then turns back to his work.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

15 Jeff turns and leans against the bench, still faintly smiling. Joe gets a slight smudge on his hand, goes to the wash bowl and swills carefully. He picks up an old towel, disdains it, and uses his own hip pocket handkerchief to dry them.

JOE
Funny racket to find you in.

JEFF
Me and the Kid laugh all the time.

JOE
(idly)
I guess it's because it's respectable.
(looking at him)
And the hashslinger across the street says so are you.

JEFF
And how did you happen to find me, Joe?

JOE
Well, I'm driving down this road and who do I see pumping gasoline but my old chum from the old times -- of course there's a different name on the sign...

JEFF
So you just dropped in.

JOE
Why not?

JEFF
Then I'm glad to see an old pal too, and I take you to dinner and buy you some drinks and it gets late chewing the fat, so you hop in your car and you're gone again. Is that right?

JOE
(smiling)
Almost.

JEFF
What else?

JOE
I'm still working for the guy, Jeff.

JEFF
Whit?

JOE
He'd like to see you.

JEFF
As much as you did?

JOE
(smiling again)
Worse.

JEFF
I see.

JOE
Nobody ever thought more of you than Whit.

15 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Or more about me.

JOE
That could be, too.

JEFF
What's he want, Joe?

JOE
Maybe he's got something nice for you.

JEFF
Try once more.

JOE
Did Whit ever steer you into anything bad? Did he beef when you blew the best thing he ever gave you?

JEFF
Go on.

JOE
The guy just wants to see you.

They study each other in a little pause. Their eyes stay fixed upon each other, hard, serious. Then slowly Jeff smiles.

JEFF
You put it that way - what can I do?

JOE
You know any other way to put it?

They stare at each other a second longer; then Joe turns to the door. At the door he looks back at the unmoving Jeff. He pauses.

JOE (cont'd)
Say tomorrow morning?

JEFF
Where?

JOE
Lake Tahoe. Turn left at Emerald Bay. Big house on a hill. You won't miss it.
(grinning)
You can't.

He walks out. Jeff stands still, watching him go, the ironic smile still fixed on his mouth, but fading a little now. Through the window he watches Joe get into the Cad.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

16 As Joe climbs in the seat of the car. The Kid has just finished dusting the windshield. Joe grins at him and hands him a bill.

JOE
One errand boy to another - kid.

He puts it in gear and drives away. The Kid stares after him, the bill in his hand. Then the Kid turns and looks at the station where Jeff remains, still standing there, as though lost in thought and memories.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MILLER HOME - NIGHT

17 The house is a two-story, white, old-fashioned, standing in a clump of poplar trees. Pasture lands stretch behind it to the hills. The moon is shining. Moonlight and light from the interior make a pattern on the verandah. A light burns in an upstairs bedroom. Jeff's car, a small one, pulls up to the curb.

18 MED. SHOT - of car, as Jeff leans out a little and sounds the horn a couple of short toots. Then he gets out of the car, looking up at the upstairs window.

EXT. MILLER HOME - LAWN - NIGHT

19 As Jeff pauses, looking up. There is now a figure at the window, making a quick signal. It is Ann. Jeff smiles a little grimly, moves slightly closer to the verandah as the upstairs light now is switched off. He waits. He watches the house again, waiting for Ann. Through the screen door he can see her coming down the stairs now, putting on her coat. In the front room a man rises, holding a newspaper, as the shadowy tall form of Mrs. Miller, too, can be seen scudding down the lower hall as though to intercept the girl.

20 SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR - from Jeff's distance, as Mrs. Miller intercepts Ann at the foot of the stairs,

MRS. MILLER
Ann.

ew

21 CLOSE SHOT of Jeff as he watches and listens, grim - a sardonic smile beginning to touch his lips.

MRS. MILLER'S VOICE
(to the old man)
John are you letting her out like this? Are you going to stand for it?
(a pause)
With a man who won't even come to the door.
(a pause)
Ann - you listen to me!
(calling after her)
Ann - you listen to your father!

22 VIEW of house from Jeff's ANGLE. Ann is coming out of the door. It slams behind her. The old man still stands hesitant with the newspaper. Now he sits down again. And Ann hurries towards Jeff.

23 MED. SHOT of Ann and Jeff, as she comes up. He is still looking at the house, grim.

ANN
Oh, don't worry about them --

He still stares.

ANN (cont'd)
Darling.

He looks at her, puts his arm around her and walks towards the car.

JEFF
No good, is it?...

ANN
It doesn't matter. It's just that they -- (make such a fuss).

JEFF
I know what they mean.

ANN
Then don't worry about it.

JEFF
I'm not.

ANN
Then don't look so grim.

JEFF
(pause)
It's something else.

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

ANN
Yes?

JEFF
That guy that showed up today...

ANN
(anxiously --
as he pauses)
What - darling?

JEFF
Will you take a ride with me up to Tahoe?

ANN
Now?

JEFF
Yeah, now. I have to tell you something.

ANN
(looking at him)
All right, Jeff.

JEFF
(putting an arm across her shoulders and going to the car)
You once said I'd have to tell you sometime.
(smiling a little)
Well, this looks like it's it...

He helps her in the car, crosses around to the other side.

24 MED. CLOSE - Ann, SHOOTING ACROSS her. She frowns slightly - waits - watches Jeff as he climbs in beside her. He smiles at her, starts the car.

25 MED. SHOT - car, as it roars out, fast.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

26-27 Jeff is at the wheel. Ann sits beside him, quiet, attentive. A thin mist keeps gathering on the windshield, and as he talks, Jeff turns on the wiper and the SOUND of it becomes a metronome to the tale.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
The first thing I want to get off my chest -- my name isn't Bailey. It's Markham.

ANN
(barely mouthing it)
Markham. Jeff Markham.

JEFF
I should have told you before.... I meant to -- but I kept putting it off....
(frowns)
...because I didn't like any part of it.

ANN
(as he pauses)
Tell me, Jeff....

JEFF
Some of it's going to hurt you....

ANN
(quietly)
It doesn't matter.

JEFF
Well, our friend Markham lived in New York and worked with a sort of stupid, oily gent by the name of Jack Fisher -- and we called ourselves detectives.
(a slight smile)
This was about two years ago...maybe a little more -- winter...about the coldest day I ever saw in the town -- and we were called over to see a big op....

ANN
A what?

JEFF
An operator -- a gambler.

Ann nods.

JEFF (cont'd)
He didn't come to us because he was too high-powered a character...and also because some dame had taken four shots at him with his own thirty-eight and made one of them good.
(lighting his cigarette; finally)
He was taking it in stride, but a friend of his was a ball of fire....

As his voice fades,

DISSOLVE OUT

FF

DISSOLVE IN

INT. WHIT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

28 It is a very modern penthouse. Behind the quiet figure of Whit Sterling is a huge window through which can be seen the brilliantly lighted pattern of New York City. Whit is sitting in a chair behind a big desk, a pillow propped behind him. He wears a silk bathrobe open at the chest enough to reveal a mass of tape that binds a shoulder wound. Whit himself is gazing mildly at Joe Stefanos who is talking and in a fine rage.

JOE
Newspaper guys! Wise guys. What do they think they're doing? Who do they think they're ribbing? So he shot himself cleaning a cap pistol. So I blew the ace of spades out of his sleeve in a gin game.
(staring furiously at Jeff)
A guy can't even get shot in his own apartment by a dame that is nobody else's business without cutting in a flock of news moochers. Nobody cares about anything except the guy they're trying to rob and then one shot goes off and the whole town starts buzzing like --

WHIT
(quiet, smiling)
Like you?

Joe stops abruptly, stares at Whit; then realizes he's been shooting off his mouth. He smiles abruptly in obedience, backs away in silence.

WHIT
(gently)
Smoke a cigarette, Joe.

Joe automatically obeys, reaching in his pocket, chastened now. Whit looks at Jeff.

WHIT (cont'd)
(to Jeff)
You just sit and stay inside yourself. You wait for me to talk... I like that.

JEFF
I never found out much by listening to myself.

Whit smiles and nods.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
It amazes me - how she missed so often.

JEFF
Maybe you were moving.

JOE
(cool now)
You don't think he put on a blindfold?

Whit smiles at him, Jeff shrugs.

FISHER
A dame with a rod is like a guy with a knitting needle --

JOE
(glancing at him, then at Jeff)
What's he doing here? I called you.

JEFF
My partner.

Fisher becomes silent, hard...at Joe's distasteful glance.

JEFF (cont'd)
Should I ask why you didn't call the law?

JOE
Should you?

JEFF
I guess not.

Jeff's eyes hold on Whit now.

JEFF (cont'd)
Anything happen to her?

WHIT
(a thin smile)
She ran out on me.

JOE
With forty thousand bucks.

Fisher grunts; Joe gives him another glance. Whit looks at Jeff, bland but hard.

WHIT
I want her back.

JEFF
Or the money?

I once bet forty thousand dollars on a horse that ran dead last. So I bought that horse and --

JEFF
-- That's what I mean.

WHIT
You're wrong. I put that horse in a nice green pasture where he'd never get his foot caught in a mutuel machine.

JEFF
We must go and visit it sometime.

Whit smiles. He reaches for a match; winces. Instantly easily, Joe is beside him, lighting his cigarette, again retreating to the window. Whit still smiles faintly. Looking at Jeff again.

WHIT
No - I just want her back.
(indicating his wound with whiskey glass)
In the jargon of a man who can recognize a mistake -- I had this coming.
(coolly)
When you find her - when you see her - you'll understand it better.

JEFF
Maybe just an impulsive girl.

WHIT
Shall we let it go at that?

JEFF
I can let it all go.

WHIT
Even five thousand now, five when you bring her back -
(sipping)
And expenses?

JEFF
That should have been the first thing you said.

WHIT
Find her, Jeff. Bring her back.

JEFF
(curiously)
Why me?

WHIT
Because I know a lot of smart guys and a few honest guys. And you're both.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

Jeff is silent. Whit watches his face. Jeff rises and takes a cigarette from the silver box on the desk. He takes up the silver lighter. All three men are watching him.

JEFF
And what happens to her, Whit?

WHIT
I won't touch her.

Jeff looks at him and Whit shakes his head. Jeff lights the cigarette as though convinced.

JEFF
All right.
(Whit relaxes)
Get me the stuff on her...pictures ...family...anything interesting...

JOE
You'll get it.

JEFF
(to Whit)
See you.
(turns)
Bring it over, Joe.

Whit tosses a roll on the desk. Jeff picks it up, looks at Fisher.

JEFF (cont'd)
(to Fisher)
Let's go...

He starts out, stops, turns.

JEFF (cont'd)
By the way -- mind telling me her name?

WHIT
Kathie Moffatt.

JEFF
Thanks.

He smiles and as he and Fisher start out-

WIPE

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

29 As Jeff and Fisher come out, closing the door. As they go along hall, Fisher looks at him, watching Jeff pocket the roll of bills carelessly.

(CONTINUED)

29 (CONTINUED)

FISHER
She must be quite a dame -- a wild goose with forty G's.
(eyeing Jeff)
For a smart guy, Whit Sterling sure trusts you, don't he?

JEFF
Why not?

They come to the elevator and wait. There is a look of greed on Fisher's unpleasant face as he glances at Jeff.

FISHER
Do I go along?

JEFF
No.

FISHER
So the guy don't like my personality.
(hard)
I'm still in. Fifty-fifty.

JEFF
Who said anything different?

FISHER
All right, all right...this is a real good touch. Don't get hot at me!
(as he follows Jeff into the elevator)
And don't get any cute ideas.

And as the doors close,

DISSOLVE

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

30 CLOSE SHOT - a trumpet as it blasts out a phrase of a hot number. CAMERA PANS revealing the place: there are tables, a small dance floor, a four piece orchestra. In the b.g. a headwaiter is nodding to Jeff, then leads him through the crowd toward a table in the f.g.

31 MED. SHOT at table. A tray of drinks arrives as Jeff does. They are served and Jeff picks up the check and puts it and a bill on the tray.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
These are on me.

The headwaiter to the group at the table.

HEADWAITER
This is an old friend of mine, Jeff Markham. He wants to ask something.

He gives the little group a nod, indicating that Jeff has his approval, then vanishes.

The four, two girls and two men, look up at him curiously. Jeff pulls up a chair but doesn't sit yet. He looks at the girls.

JEFF
Which one of you is Eunice Leonard?

EUNICE
Me.

JEFF
Can I ask you a couple of questions?

Eunice looks at the man with her, and he slowly nods. Jeff sits down and the other man takes his girl onto the dance floor. The music is hot, but soft.

JEFF (cont'd)
You worked for Katherine Moffat?

EUNICE
No more. She's gone. She got pushed around. I wouldn't have stayed myself, only she got herself sick bein' vaccinated.

THE NEGRO
How come you're askin'?

JEFF
I want to find her.

EUNICE
You findin' her for that man?

JEFF
For myself. Where did she go?

EUNICE
Maybe I oughtn't to tell nothin'.

Eunice hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Maybe more harm would come to her if you didn't --

NEGRO
She in harm now?

JEFF
I don't know -- she'd disappeared.

NEGRO
(to Eunice)
Maybe you better say, honey.

EUNICE
I can't -- much. It wasn't no cold place.
That girl, she hated snow -- them clothes she took, she was lookin' for sun.
(brightening)
Florida --

JEFF
You're sure of that?

EUNICE
Now I seem to remember -- and I'm sure.

She takes a drink, satisfied with this lie.

JEFF
No trunk?

EUNICE
Just suitcases, she took.

JEFF
(smiling)
You're sure again?

EUNICE
I know. I weighed them for her on the bathroom scales.

JEFF
How much did they weigh?

EUNICE
One hundred and thirty-one pounds.

JEFF
Exactly?

EUNICE
Exactly -- on account of that's what I weigh myself.

31 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Thanks.

Jeff grins and rises, as the waiter brings his change. Jeff leaves it on tray.

JEFF
(to waiter)
Bring them another round.

As he turns away --

DISSOLVE

32 ESTABLISHING SHOT. View of Mexico City from the air. CAMERA SHOOTING FROM underneath plane shows wheels being lowered for a landing.

NARRATION continues on the SOUND TRACK.

JEFF'S VOICE
You don't get vaccinated for Florida - but you do for Mexico. So I just followed that ninety pounds of excess baggage to Mexico City.

EXT. REFORMA HOTEL - DAY

33 SHOT of hotel, as Jeff is seen emerging.

JEFF'S VOICE
She had been at the Reforma, then gone, I tock the bus south like she did.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TAXCO - DAY

34 SHOT of Taxco, as seen from a bus, the CAMERA RAKING side of bus.

JEFF'S VOICE
It was hot in Taxco. You say to yourself, 'How hot can it get'?

DISSOLVE

EXT. ACAPULCO - DAY

35 SHOT of Acapulco, seen from a hilltop, with the curving bay, and the road leading down into the town.

The NARRATION proceeds.

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE
Then in Acapulco you find out. I knew she had to wind up here, because here you get the boat if you want to go south.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEXICAN STREET - DAY

36 It is a typical business street in Acapulco, with sidewalk vendors and little shops, people moving slowly along, kids playing in the street.

The NARRATION proceeds.

JEFF'S VOICE
All I had to do was wait.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the street to where it opens on the plaza. Across the street from the plaza is a small sidewalk cafe, La Mar Azul, just beside a movie house.

JEFF'S VOICE
Near the Plaza was a little cafe called La Mar Azul, next to a movie house. I sat there in the afternoons and drank beer.

37 MED. SHOT - La Mar Azul, showing Jeff going in. Several Mexicans are playing dominoes or chess at nearby tables. Near the curb, a Mexican woman squats at a brazier, cooking tacos. People go liesurely by. A fat Mexican who proclaims himself to be a guide, stands watching a chess game. Loudspeaker music comes from next door theatre.

DISSOLVE

INT. LA MAR AZUL - DAY

38 Jeff is sitting at table inside. It is cool and dark in here. Beer is on the table beside, a cigarette smoking in an ash try. He can look at the street through a thick arch door into the white blinding contrast of the sunlight.

The NARRATION proceeds:

JEFF'S VOICE
I used to sit there half asleep with the beer and the darkness ... and only that music from the movie next door kept jarring me awake. And then I saw her - coming out of the sun.

Kathie can be seen entering, framed in view by the arch. She is wearing a white linen dress and a hat of fine straw. Jeff wakes alertly and stares.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
...and I knew why Whit didn't care about the forty grand.

As NARRATION ends, Kathie takes a seat at a table between Jeff and the doorway. The view of her is fuzzy between the white light of the door and the smoky shadow of the interior. He stares at her. She glances at him and then away. She orders a drink from the waiter and then lights a cigarette as the waiter leaves, relaxing herself. She exhales a cloud of smoke as though savoring it with delight and relief. Then her nonchalant gaze around the place finally - as though naturally and casually - seizes him up, swiftly and keenly as it passes. He smiles. He takes out money for his bill, his eyes never leaving her. A coin spills from his pocket, strikes the floor, rolls in a long arc. She turns, glances at him again, at the coin. He puts the bills on the table. Their eyes meet again. He gets up to retrieve the coin. She bends over and picks it up. Hands it to him and smiles. He is just about to say something beyond "Thanks," when her gaze wanders away indifferently towards the door. Jeff is about to turn back to his table when the fat Mexican, Jose Rodriguez, interposes, approaching them and striking an attitude.

JOSE
Senorita - Senor?

Kathie and Jeff glance at him.

JOSE (cont'd)
May I speak some words?
(to Jeff)
You will be seated, senor, yes?

Jeff glances at Kathie, obeys Jose and sits down. He and Jose exchange a glance as if they were conspirators.

JEFF
With pleasure - senor.

Kathie looks at him; he at her.

JOSE
I am Jose Rodriguez.
(modestly)
A guide. A most excellent guide.

KATHIE
Indeed.

Jeff is smiling at her. Jose's gesture is all inclusive.

JOSE
Ask them. They will tell you that Jose Rodriguez knows Acapulco as no one else. Each little street--each cantina from the Pie de la Cuesta to--

38 (CONTINUED)

KATHIE
I don't want a guide.

JEFF
(to Jose)
A difficult girl.

JOSE
And is there one not so?

Jeff shrugs. Cool and shrewd, Kathie looks at him. Jose changes his tactics.

JOSE (cont'd)
(looks around)
Then perhaps a lottery ticket?

Jeff glances at Kathie's impassive face.

JEFF
No, senor.

Undaunted, Jose brings from his pocket some jewelry.

JOSE
I have here, wrought by skilled hand from ancient design, a ring---

He holds it out. Kathie shakes her head. Jose produces some earrings.

JOSE (cont'd)
---and earrings of jade and fine silver.

JEFF
(taking them)
These.

He hands Jose a bill, nods slightly for him to leave. Bowing, Jose backs away.

JOSE
Gracias.

Jose vanishes. Jeff looks at Kathie's imperturable face, holds out the earrings.

KATHIE
I never wear them.

Jeff puts them on the table.

JEFF
Nor I. Please.

KATHIE
No, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(the earrings in hand)
After all, you found my money.

KATHIE
(shaking her head)
I never wear them.
(a small smile)
Thank you.

JEFF
(pushing them towards her)
My name is Jeff Markham and I haven't talked to anybody who isn't selling something for ten days.

She sips her drink in silence; her eyes lowered then raised full at him -- beautiful eyes.

JEFF (cont'd)
If I don't talk, I think and it's too late in life for me to start thinking.

She smiles a little.

JEFF (cont'd)
I'd go down to the cliff and look at the sea like a good tourist -- only it's no good if there isn't somebody you can turn to and say, "Some view, huh?"

She is still silent. She sips and listens. He smiles grimly.

JEFF (cont'd)
It's the same with the churches and the relics, the moonlight or a Cuba libre. Nothing in the world is any good unless you can share it.

KATHIE
(at last)
Maybe you ought to go home?

JEFF
Maybe that's why I'm here.

KATHIE
(casually)
Is it?

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her, smiling again, slowly. She rises, smiling back.

KATHIE
Well -- there's always Jose Rodriguez.

He looks very glum now, juggling his earrings. She looks at him.

KATHIE (cont'd)
If it gets too lonely -- there's a little cantina down the street called Pablo's. It's nice and quiet and a man there plays Musica de los Americanos for a dollar. You can sip bourbon and shut your eyes and it's like a little place on 56th Street.

JEFF
(a little disgusted)
I'll wear my earrings.

KATHIE
(smiling)
...I sometimes go there.

He looks at her and she turns and goes, a vision going through the arch of light, then disappearing. Fascinated, he stares after her, a slow smile coming over his face.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

39 As Jeff saunters to the door, tries it, finds it closed, stands there, then shrugs and leaves.

The NARRATION comes over:

JEFF'S VOICE
I went to send Whit a wire I'd found her. But the telegraph office was closed for the siesta. I was glad it was and I suddenly knew why. I knew I didn't want him to find her again. I just wanted to find her myself.

As he turns away:

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. PABLO'S CANTINA - NIGHT

40 A door no more than a square hole in the wall. Jeff comes walking up, pauses, looks at it. His hands are in his pockets and he is a little spruced up now. NARRATION proceeds.

JEFF'S VOICE
I went to Pablo's that night. I knew I'd go every night until she showed up...and I knew she knew it.

He walks in.

INT. PABLO'S CANTINA - NIGHT

41 As Jeff walks in and sits at a table. He orders a drink, sits back. A violinist is playing. A few people sit in corners. A bartender dozes behind the bar.

NARRATION continues.

JEFF'S VOICE
I sat there and drank bourbon and I shut my eyes but I didn't think of a joint on Fifty-sixth Street...I knew where I was and what I was doing, and I just thought what a sucker I was.
(pause)
I even knew she wouldn't come the first night, but I sat there, grinding it out.

DISSOLVE

INT. PABLO'S CANTINA - NIGHT

42 It is the second night and Jeff, in a different suit, sits waiting at a different table, drink beside him.

The NARRATION goes on.

JEFF'S VOICE
But the next night I knew she'd show. She waited until it was late and then she walked in, out of the moonlight -- like a real good bantamweight into a ring...smiling...

The NARRATION ends.

(CONTINUED)

As Kathie enters. She crosses to a table and sits. Jeff watches her walk to the table and not until she has seated herself does he rise and go over to her.

43 MED. SHOT - Kathie's table. As Jeff comes into scene. She smiles up at him.

JEFF
This is a coincidence.

He sits, extends his pack of cigarettes; she takes one. The violinist is now playing American MUSIC for her. She tosses him a smile; then turns to Jeff.

KATHIE
Musica de los Americanos.

She gets a light from his match, inhales.

JEFF
I've been here two nights.

KATHIE
Thinking?

JEFF
Just waiting.

KATHIE
I haven't been lonely.

The bartender brings two drinks.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Bourbon?

JEFF
(nods to Kathie)
As you suggested.

The bartender leaves.

JEFF (cont'd)
I've been sitting here three hours. I thought the guy would break out with Melancholy Baby.

KATHIE
(smiles again)
You know, you're a curious man.

JEFF
You'll make every guy you meet a little curious.

KATHIE
That isn't what I mean - you don't ask me any questions. You don't even ask me what my name is.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
What's your name?

KATHIE
Kathie.

JEFF
I like it.

KATHIE
Or where I come from.

JEFF
I'm thinking about where we're going.

KATHIE
You don't like it in here?

JEFF
I just don't want to settle down.

KATHIE
Shall I take you some place else?

JEFF
You'll find it easy to take me anywhere.

KATHIE
(smiles faintly)
I'm really a better guide than even Jose Rodriguez. Want to try me?

He simply rises and puts money on the table. As she follows:

DISSOLVE

INT. GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

(NOTE: Because of censorship requirements, this scene may be rewritten.)

44 This is a small room. There is a dice and a roulette table. The players are mostly Americans. There is much smoke in the air as from bad ventilation. At the roulette table, Kathie is playing and Jeff stands beside her, hands in his pockets, hat tilted back a little (for it is not a fancy joint) and pipe in his mouth. He is watching her as she lays a stack of chips on the number thirteen.

JEFF
That isn't the way to play it.

KATHIE
Why not?

JEFF
Because it isn't the way to win.

44 (CONTINUED)

KATHIE
Is there a way to win?

JEFF
There's a way to lose more slowly.

KATHIE
(as the wheel stops and the croupier takes in the stack on thirteen)
I prefer it like that.

JEFF
Chunk it in.

KATHIE
(looking at him)
Don't you like to gamble?

JEFF
(looking straight at her - half-smiling)
Not against a wheel.

She looks at him; their eyes meet. As always, this gaze seems to affect each curiously. She takes his arm and turns from the table.

KATHIE
Tell me why you're so hard to please?

JEFF
Take me where I can tell you.

KATHIE
(quietly)
All right -- come on.

They start out and we:

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

45 The moon makes a pattern on the sand through the fishing nets held up to dry. The sea can be heard, softly. There is an old fishing boat pulled up on the beach, and Kathie is just climbing in, when Jeff stops her.

JEFF
Wait a minute.

She turns, looks at him. He hesitates; their eyes meeting. He slowly kisses her. She does not move at first. He draws back a little, his arms still around her. Her face is cool but tense. He looks at her again, no trace of a smile now on his face..

Then she kisses him, really this time, leaning against him softly, unresistant. Then he releases her. In silence she sits on the sand, staring out to the moon over the sea, her face a little tight. Silently he sits beside her, takes out the pipe and slowly begins to fill it. Without looking at him, she speaks very softly.

KATHIE
When are you taking me back?

He glances grimly at her, looks away, puts the pipe in his mouth. They are silent for a moment, while she waits.

JEFF
(quietly)
Is that why you kissed me?

KATHIE
No.

A little pause. He lights the pipe.

JEFF
Whit didn't die.

KATHIE
(slowly; thinking)
He didn't?

JEFF
No.

KATHIE
Then why --

JEFF
He wants you back.

KATHIE
(slowly)
I hate him.
(crushing some sand in her tight fingers)
I'm sorry he didn't die.

JEFF
Give him time.

There is a little silence again, with only the surf breaking in.

45 (CONTINUED)

KATHIE
But you're taking me back?

JEFF
There's no hurry.

KATHIE
I could have run away last night....

JEFF
I'd find you.

KATHIE
(slowly, a little bitterly)
Yes...I think you would.
(looking at him)
Are you glad you did?

JEFF
I don't know.

KATHIE
I am.

He looks at her and then at the sea, a little grim.

JEFF
There was a little business -- about forty thousand bucks....

KATHIE
(fiercely)
I didn't take it!

JEFF
How did you know it was taken?

KATHIE
It's what you meant.
(looking away)
I don't want anything of his, or any part of him!

JEFF
(quietly)
Except his life.

KATHIE
I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know anything, except how much I hated him.
(a pause)
But I didn't take anything.
(looking at him; softly)
I didn't -- Jeff.

She takes his head and pulls it down on her lap. He looks up at her and sho bends over him.

45 (CONTINUED)

KATHIE (cont'd)
Won't you believe me?

JEFF
Baby -- I don't care.

She bends over and kisses his mouth gently. He pulls up to an erect position to kiss her better. The wind comes in, blowing the fishing nets and blowing her hair.

DISSOLVE

EXT. LA MAR AZUL - DUSK

46 Jeff sits at his usual table, beer beside him. The MUSIC from the movie house loudspeaker comes over. Jeff's face is hard, unsmiling. Jose Rodriguez pauses in passing; gives him a questioning look, bows and smiles and departs as Jeff shakes his head.

The NARRATION proceeds:

JEFF'S VOICE
I never saw her in the daytime. We seemed to live by night. What was left of the day went by like a pack of cigarettes you smoked. I didn't know where she lived. I never followed her. All I ever had to go on was a place and time to see her again.

He glances at his wrist watch.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
I don't know what we were waiting for. Maybe we thought the world would end. Maybe we thought it was a dream and we'd wake up with a hangover in Niagara Falls.

He gets up from the table.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
I wired Whit. But I didn't tell him. I'm in Acapulco, I said, wish you were here. And every night I went to meet her.

As he goes, glancing at the loudspeaker with disgust,

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

47 This is the place they were before; the boat, the nets. Jeff stands looking and waiting, lighting a cigarette; his face grim. The moon is low and huge; clouds form in the sky. The NARRATION proceeds:

JEFF'S VOICE
How did I know she'd ever show up? I didn't. What stopped her from taking a boat to Chile or Guatemala? Nothing. How big a chump can you get to be. I was finding out.

SHOT now includes the figure of Kathie coming along the beach, walking with her bare feet in the sand, her shoes in her hand. She is wearing the jade earrings. Jeff gazes and his expression softens, a slight smile coming over his face.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
Then she'd come along like school was out - and anything else was just a stone you sailed at the sea.

As the NARRATION ends.

48 MED. SHOT of Jeff and Kathie. As she walks up to him, drops her shoes, smiles up at him.

JEFF
I didn't know you were so little.

KATHIE
I'm taller than Napoleon.

JEFF
You're prettier, too.

She tilts her face and he bends down and kisses her.

KATHIE
Miss me?

JEFF
No more than I would my eyes. Where we going tonight?

KATHIE
Let's go - to my place.

He looks at her and she takes his hand and they start walking. CAMERA FOLLOWS them a way. The NARRATION returns:

48 (CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE
It was the first time she had mentioned her place - or going there.

As we see Kathie look up at the sky.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
Maybe she'd decided something - or it was because the sky looked full of rain.

DISSOLVE

EXT. KATHIE'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

49 It is a small thatched place, typical of Acapulco cottages. Just as they reach it, the sky bursts with rain, a fierce downpour, and they scurry inside.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

50 As they come in, drenched, laughing. Jeff stands looking around while she leaves the room to get a towel. NARRATION continues:

JEFF'S VOICE
It was a nice little joint with bamboo furniture and Mexican gimcracks... One little lamp burned. It was all right - and the rain hammering like that on the window made it good to be in there...

The NARRATION ends.

Kathie comes back into the room with a big towel. She puts Jeff down on a chair, sits on the arm of it and starts drying his hair with a towel. In a couple of minutes she is done and leans over and turns on the radio for a little soft MUSIC, while Jeff combs back his hair with his fingers.

JEFF
Now yours.

He takes the towel, stands and pushes her into the chair and begins to dry her hair.

KATHIE
Not so hard!

He smiles and rubs more gently.

KATHIE (cont'd)
That's better.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at the dark mass of fine spun hair as he stands over her and dries it. He bends over and kisses it. He leans closer and kisses her neck. The smile leaves her face. He pulls her up to him and takes her closely in his arms. The towel, as we PAN with it as it is tossed away, catches the small lamp which topples to the floor, breaks, leaving darkness. CAMERA HOLDS ON window: A big gust of wind suddenly blows open the door. Wind and rain sweep in.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

51 The wind and rain have gone. Only great drops fall from the eaves of the cottage making a splashing SOUND.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

52 MED. SHOT - Jeff is crossing to the window, to look out. Kathie, in the b.g. is looking through phonograph records. After a moment.

JEFF
(calmly)
You going with me?

KATHIE
(putting on a record)
Where?

JEFF
Wherever it takes us.

KATHIE
Why?

JEFF
To make a life for ourselves. To get away from Whit. He knows I'm here.

KATHIE
When?

JEFF
Tomorrow.
(Kathie moves over to him)
Pack in the morning and meet me at the hotel.
(she is silent)
If you can make it.

KATHIE
I can make it, but can we get away with it?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Let's find out.

KATHIE
You don't know him. He'll never forget.

JEFF
Everybody forgets.

KATHIE
Not Whit.

JEFF
Then we'll send him a postcard every Christmas.

KATHIE
I'm glad you're not afraid of Whit.

JEFF
I've been afraid of half the things I ever did.

KATHIE
And this time.

JEFF
I'm just afraid you might not go.

She smiles.

KATHIE
Don't be. I'll be there tomorrow.
(touching his jawbone with a trailing finger)
You love me?

Jeff looks at her and smiles affirmation.

KATHIE
Poco?

JEFF
What's that?

KATHIE
A little.

JEFF
Mucho.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her, her hair falling across his face and neck.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. JEFF'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

53 As he packs a valise, whistling very softly. He glances at his wristwatch. Then he glances into the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HOTEL

54 ANOTHER ANGLE. He is still whistling softly (perhaps "I May Be Gone For a Long, Long Time.") He picks up a book and two pipes and starts back towards his suitcase to pack them when a knock SOUNDS at the door. Putting down the articles quickly, still whistling, he turns to the door and opens it expectantly. The whistle dies abruptly; his expression changes to quick surprise and then impassivity as we see Whit and Joe in the doorway. Whit smiles.

JEFF
Well - the last guy in the world.

WHIT
I hate to be surprised myself. You want to just shut the door and forget it?

Jeff opens the door wider.

JEFF
Come on in.
(as they enter)
Me, I like surprises. When I was a kid we were always busted and if we got anything at all at Christmas it was a big surprise.
(surveying Whit)
Have a chair.

55 MED. SHOT. As Whit sits down. Joe remains standing by the door. Whit wipes his mildly perspiring brow rather daintily with a silk handkerchief.

JEFF
You been here long?

WHIT
(to Joe)
How long, Joe?

JOE
Hardly at all.

Jeff's eyes has caught sight of the earrings on a table in plain view. He takes a pack of cigarettes from the table and the earrings - in the same motion, pocketing both.

JEFF
I just wondered who might be following who.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
(smiling)
Why should you think that?

JEFF
I know how you trust people. About as far as you could throw Stefanos. And it's all right with me. Only don't be so cute about it.

WHIT
(staring at him calmly)
I'm on my way to Mexico City.
(takes out a smoke)
To see a man about a horse.
(smiling)
On the square - a racehorse, from South America.

Jeff is conscious of the open bag on the bed. He goes to it, slams it shut. Whit's eyes follow him.

WHIT
You checking out?

JEFF
Yeah. Why waste your money.

He moves toward the bathroom - his eyes once again hurriedly searching the room.

WHIT
(quietly)
Did you find her?

JEFF
No.
(Whit's eyebrows arch)
Only her trail.

He is at the bathroom door. He goes in.

INT. BATHROOM

55A MED. SHOT. Once inside, though he talks in the same casual voice, his eyes dart about quickly.

JEFF
Not quite as hot as a prairie fire - but there. Sometimes a little too obvious.

He grabs a towel, walks out, wiping his face with the towel.

55B MED. SHOT - as Jeff comes out.

JEFF
Cunning little girl -- both ways.

WHIT
Is she?

JEFF
Wouldn't you say so? You should have told me. Maybe I would have played it different. Maybe she wouldn't have heard my shoes squeaking.

He throws away the towel, puts on his coat.

JEFF (cont'd)
Always a hop, skip and a jump ahead. Mexico City to Taxco and here.

WHIT
(easily)
And here, Jeff. You see her?

JEFF
I wish I had. I don't like playing games where I'm the fall guy. You might remember that, Whit....

There is a knock on the door. Jeff turns quickly from Whit to hide his face. There is a moment as Whit and Joe watch him, then - steeling himself - he walks toward it, opens it. A bellhop stands with a pair of sport shoes in his hand. With concealed relief, Jeff takes the shoes, hands him a bill.

JEFF
Oh -- thanks.

BELLHOP
Gracias.

Jeff turns back into the room, carrying the shoes.

WHIT
Nice shoes. Sporty for you, aren't they?

JEFF
Got them here. As I said -- I thought maybe the others squeaked.
(puts shoes on bag)
Come on down to the bar and you can cool off while we try to impress each other.

(CONTINUED)

fhf

55 (CONTINUED)

Whit looks at him, smiles.

WHIT
Fine.

He gets up, mopping his head with a handkerchief. They go out.

WIPE TO

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

56 Jeff, Whit, and Joe come from the stairs and start across the lobby, to the cocktail lounge that is identified by a neon sign. As Whit talks Jeff's eyes dart over the lobby, watch the door and big glass windows to the exterior that they have to pass.

WHIT
(approvingly)
Nice place. Like to stay here awhile myself.

JEFF
You did. By proxy.

A girl looks like Kathie for a moment; she raises her head. She isn't. They enter the lounge.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

57 Jeff is heading for the bar in back but Whit chooses a table in the f.g. that commands a view of the lobby and the entrance. They sit; a waiter appears.

WHIT
Bourbon and soda.

JOE
Two.

JEFF
Three.

The waiter leaves. Whit looks at Jeff, whose eyes come back from the lobby.

WHIT
So you blew it?

JEFF
Anybody can have bad luck.
(shrugs)

JOE
And squeaky shoes.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
(quietly to Joe, to silence him)
Think of a number, Joe.
(to Jeff)
Where were you off to?

JEFF
The telegraph office - to wire you. I told you - I don't like to waste your money.

WHIT
I can stand it.

JEFF
That's your business. Whit, my friend, there's a million dames in the world, and they all look like her.

WHIT
No, they don't.

Jeff shrugs. The drinks arrive; the waiter leaves.

WHIT (cont'd)
So she was here?

JEFF
According to all available evidence.

WHIT
(smiling)
Maybe I should have sent Stefanos. Could you find one dame in a million, Joe?

JOE
(blandly)
The one with forty grand.

Through the glass windows of the lobby we can now see Kathie approaching the lobby entrance. There are two people standing near the farthest doors, Kathie moves toward the nearest doors. Jeff, now, sees her, realizes she is directly in Whit's line of vision. Without hesitation Jeff spills his drink. Whit, involuntarily leaps back a little from the liquid spilling over the table.

JEFF
Sorry.

A waiter is mopping up. Kathie is walking through the lobby, away from them. Whit resumes his place.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
You've picked up some nerves.

JEFF
(slightly angry)
I don't need a crack like that any more than I need your dough - which is what I've been telling you. I missed her. The dame caught a boat south.

Kathie is now out of sight.

WHIT
Where?

JEFF
Look - I got along before this job. I ate good and grew as big as you did and if there's something you don't like you can say it!

WHIT
(evenly)
I just asked - where?

JEFF
Chile - Guatemala. You want to talk to the man at the steamship office. You want to go down there now?

WHIT
(cooly)
Why not?

Jeff rises and so does Stefanos. Whit pauses, then rises, too. Jeff abruptly starts out and they follow. They walk through the space of the lobby; silent. Jeff's eyes still darting down the lobby; his jaw set. As they approach the entrance.

EXT. HOTEL - STREET - DAY

58 MED. SHOT - as they emerge. Jeff looks, signals a cab. Whit watches, his grim face, then smiles and touches his shoulder. Jeff looks at him.

WHIT
I'm sorry. You missed her and you feel bad. I shouldn't have joked about it.

JEFF
I won't either. I'll give you the five grand and Stefanos can take it from here.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
(hard)
You're wrong. I fire people - but nobody quits me. You started this and you'll end it.
(suddenly changing to a smile)
Besides - Joe couldn't find a prayer in the Bible.
(touching Jeff's shoulder again)
You'll find her. Take it easy and take your time.

Jeff stares at him, a sense of guilt deep inside him that keeps him silent.

WHIT (cont'd)
I just had an hour. I'm going back to the airport.
(a cab has pulled up; the one Jeff signalled)
Good luck, Jeff.

He turns and gets into the cab. Stefanos looks at Jeff and smiles.

JOE
See you - some day.

He follows and CAMERA HOLDS ON Jeff as he watches them go. A deep relaxation comes over him as he lets out a long breath - then finally turns and goes back in the hotel.

DISSOLVE

EXT. A TRAMP STEAMER

59 LONG SHOT - as it ploughs slowly north. It's foghorn SOUNDS, and then on the SOUND TRACK, Jeff's voice, as the NARRATION goes on:

JEFF'S VOICE
It wasn't all a lie, because she did take a steamer. It was just that it went north instead of south - and I was on it too.

As the NARRATION ends, the SOUND of the windshield wiper making its metronome-like SOUND and swing can be heard as we

1 DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

60 As he drives, he stares, frowning a little, through mist and rainlike fog the windshield wiper clears. An unlit pipe is in his mouth now, tight in his jaw, and he talks without removing it. Beside him Ann sits, her face solemn and pale and attentive, looking straight ahead into the rainy windshield.

JEFF
I opened an office on Market Street in Frisco. It was a cheap little rathole that suited the work I did - shabby jobs for whoever'd hire me. It was the bottom of the barrel and I scraped it, but I didn't care.
(a grim smile)
I had her.

Ann winces a little, her lips tight. The mist thickens, the SOUND of the wiper fades as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE - NIGHT

61 ANGLED ON entrance. It is late and the ticket booth is dark. A gangling lad is taking down the marquee bulbs to change the billing for tomorrow. Kathie and Jeff emerge from the theatre, Jeff lighting two cigarettes and giving her one.

The NARRATION PROCEEDS:

JEFF'S VOICE
We kept pretty much to ourselves. We found a little movie house in North Beach. We were on the run and went to places we would never have seen in our lives. Then time started taking the fear out of us - and we drifted back to more familiar places...the ball parks and race tracks. Why not? After all, there wasn't one chance in a million we'd bump into our past -

As the NARRATION continues:

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. BAY MEADOWS TRACK - DAY

62 SHOT of Jeff and Kathie at the fence as they watch a race, Kathie with a mutual ticket in her teeth.

Over the SOUND TRACK:

JEFF'S VOICE
Once chance in a million -

Their horse crosses the line of finish first. There is a ROAR from the stands. Jeff grins and plucks the tickets from Kathie's teeth with a little gesture of triumph, then turns and pushes his way through the crowd.

WIPE

AT PARI-MUTUEL WINDOWS

63 As Jeff stands in the line formed at a Pay Window. There is a line between his line and the next at the windows and in the far line he sees Jack Fisher waiting, just as Fisher sees him. Jeff hurriedly cashes in his tickets and leaves, while Fisher still waits behind a fat lady all balled up with her winning ducats.

JEFF'S VOICE
One chance in a million was all that chump ever had in life...and he made it good. He just stood there with our lives in his pocket, because I know if he ever saw her he'd sell us both for a dollar ninety-five.
(pause)
And so we had to separate...

64-65 OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY APPROACH TO L.A. - DAY

65A SHOOTING PAST Jeff in the drivers seat of his car, through the windshield. The other seat is empty. Through the windshield we see the heavy traffic and the landmarks of the city.

JEFF'S VOICE
I went alone to L.A., and made it easy for him to follow me...

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET L. A. - NIGHT

65B Another angle shooting past Jeff as his car drives through the heavy traffic.

JEFF'S VOICE
He was a good gum-shoe - it was the one thing he could really do...

WIPE

EXT. HIGHWAY ENTERING PALM SPRINGS - DAY

65C As seen through the windshield of Jeff's car; his hands only visible on the steering wheel.

JEFF'S VOICE
So I went everywhere like a guy enjoying the country. I didn't write to her or phone or telegraph.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

65D As seen from the car, but now the scenery has changed - green trees and mountains of the north are visible.

JEFF'S VOICE
I just waited and moved - and when it seemed right I blew out of town to go and meet her.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROAD - MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - DAY

65E As Jeff swings the car to the side of the road, watching the faces of the occupants of passing cars. A bus grinds by, a truck, two cars - and then for miles behind the road is empty. Jeff smiles.

JEFF'S VOICE
I wasn't bad at the game myself, and I was sure I had shaken him loose and I felt pretty good.

He starts up the car and swings on to the road, then up a side road.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
Fisher was back there somewhere and I could see her again.

As he drives up the road, a cabin is visible in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
We'd arranged to meet at a little cabin off the highway on Pyramid Creek. It was dark when I was getting there and then I saw her walking up the road in the headlights....

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

66 As the headlights pick up Kathie walking. She stops and turns and stands waiting, curiously, anxiously, a sack of groceries in her arms. CAMERA HOLDING on her in the beams of light until Jeff's car comes alongside and she recognizes him. He grins and leans out in the wolf's best manner.

JEFF
Want a lift, baby?

KATHIE
(playing the game)
I really hadn't ought.

He shoots the car ahead, parks it, climbs out and comes down toward her.

67 OMITTED

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

67A As he approaches her.

JEFF
You know you're a pretty cute little package to be out walking alone at night.

KATHIE
(they move toward the cabin; smiling)
You're kinda cute yourself -- to be alone any night.

JEFF
That does it!

He turns to her, takes her in his arms and gives her a kiss, but the groceries get in the way.

KATHIE
Oh, Jeff!

He grins, takes the sack of groceries, puts them down on the ground and takes her in his arms, and holds her long as she presses against him.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE
It was meeting her somewhere like in the first times...there was still that something about her that got me - a kind of magic or whatever it was.
(pause)
Well, I held her and we could laugh.

They laugh as the embrace ends and he picks up the groceries. They head for the cabin, one of his arms across her shoulders.

JEFF'S VOICE (cont'd)
Because we were together again - and had played it smart - and forgotten nothing...

EXT. CABIN DOORWAY - NIGHT

68-69 As Kathie flings it open. Bright light from the blazing logs on hearth within flows through the doorway. Kathie has almost stepped inside when a SOUND is heard that freezes them in their tracks and makes them both turn. It is the SLAM of a shutting car door that comes from a bulky shadow among the trees; and then from the bulk comes walking slowly the shadow of a man, coming slowly into the illumination cast from within the room. It is Fisher, his face wearing a sour grin.

JEFF'S VOICE
Forgotten nothing - except one thing.
(a little halt)
He had followed her.

FISHER
Hello, Jeff.

Fisher pushes past them into the cabin. Slowly Kathie walks in, Jeff follows, closing the door with a swing of his foot.

INT. CABIN-NIGHT

70 Only the fire lights the room. Jeff puts the groceries on the table, turns to face Fisher who is moving toward a chair. Jeff's face is hard and dangerous. Kathie stands in silence; she looks from one man to the other. She knows this is to be the show.

FISHER
(nodding toward Kathie)
Don't I get introduced?

He doesn't. Kathie's eyes glitter. Fisher grins.

FISHER
(admiring Kathie)
I don't blame you, Jeff. Maybe I'd of lied my head off. Just like you did.
(to Kathie)
Your pictures don't do you justice, babe.

There is a tense pause. Jeff moves around the table to face Fisher.

KATHIE
(very low)
Why don't you break his head, Jeff.

FISHER
(smiling)
Cute. Whit should have got her back. From what I hear - they deserve each other.

JEFF
You working for him now?

FISHER
Who else would he get to find my partner?

JEFF
What's the pitch.

Fisher moves across to stand in front of the fireplace; he takes his time, a guy with all the aces. He smiles.

FISHER
You and I had a little deal. Ten grand and expenses. For a split. You used to have a good memory. What happened to it.

JEFF
I didn't collect.

FISHER
Not the ten grand. No.

JEFF
But I can give you a tip. Tell Whit where we are and he might slip you a sawbuck.

KATHIE
(very low - but deadly)
Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

ew

There is a pause - now for the first time we will begin to really know Kathie.

KATHIE (cont'd)
He's not going to tell Whit anything.

Jeff looks at her with slight surprise; then he turns back to Fisher.

FISHER
(agreeable)
Sure not. Come up with the forty grand and we'll all be pals again. I might even cut you in for a piece, Jeff.

JEFF
There isn't any forty grand.

FISHER
(ignoring it)
Of course, Whit's broadminded. He don't care about a few slugs in the stomach. Or the forty grand you...
(he directs it at Kathie)
..went off with. Or Jeff pretending he fell down on the job. But you and Jeff ganging up together.. he mightn't like that....

JEFF
(holding in his anger)
Tell him, Kathie.

There is a slight pause. Kathie wets her lips, controls her anger. Jeff looks at her; there is a slight frown in his expression.

KATHIE
(slowly)
I shot him. I'm not sorry about that. But I didn't take his money.

JEFF
(to Fisher)
Now get out.

KATHIE
No - Jeff...

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

FISHER
And you believe her?
(smiling)
Listen, I'm Fisher. If you want to cross Whit, that's your funeral. And if this dame is the reason - okay with me. You can be any kind of a sucker you want - only don't try to make me think you believe her...

There is fear now in Kathie's eyes as she glances from one man to the other.

FISHER (cont'd)
You're as wise as I am. So let's put it where it belongs...

JEFF
(moving slowly toward Fisher)
Beat it...

FISHER
(overlapping)
Let's look at all the angles. You know Whit - and you know how far he can reach....Just pay me off and I'm quiet....

There is deadly fear in Kathie's eyes.

FISHER (cont'd)
But use cash. Don't pay me off with some pitch handed to you by this cheap piece of baggage...

Jeff's anger blazes. He flicks out a fast right hand that catches Fisher on the jaw. Fisher backs away with it; pauses, his eyes hard and bright on Jeff as he starts to fight, almost with pleasure.

71 CLOSE SHOT of Kathie. As her eyes flash and she watches.

72 MED. SHOT of Jeff and Fisher as they fight now, in silence. You can see that Fisher likes it, that for a long time he has wanted to punch Jeff.

FISHER
I kinda hoped you'd do this,

Jeff doesn't answer, but hooks in a left and closes. They grapple and feel each other's strength. There is a half smile on Fisher's face because he knows his own ability in this matter at least. He shoves Jeff away and smacks him hard as he does so, Jeff reels away and Fisher follows.

(CONTINUED)

Not as groggy as he looks, Jeff smashes him hard with a left and right and another left. They are fighting hard and skillfully, clean and with deadly intent. Fisher comes back and clinches; again shoves Jeff away and rocks him twice as he does so. Jeff smiles faintly. They circle. A little blood trickles from Jeff's mouth. Right on the mouth Fisher smacks him again. Jeff staggers back. He returns slowly and weaving. He feints a left and then crosses, pulls it and lets the left go in beautiful and hard. Fisher goes back, not leaving his feet. He swings again, left and right, crowds Jeff back. And then out of this flurry of blows, Jeff gets in a smashing uppercut that sends Fisher reeling backwards, stunned this time. And as he reels back, a perfect target, a shot rings out. Fisher, hit, goes on down, just as though the blow from Jeff's fist had done it. He gives Kathie one contemptuous smile as he goes. Jeff stands there stunned. Slowly his eyes turn to Kathie. The pistol is in her hand. Her eyes are flashing. Excited. At Jeff's look they do not flinch. Jeff bends down over Fisher. We know from Jeff's manner that Fisher is dead. Kathie stands over him. Her eyes now are hard and cold, without emotion.

JEFF
(slowly)
You didn't have to...

KATHIE
Yes, I did.
(very low)
You wouldn't have killed him.
You would have beaten him up
and thrown him out...

JEFF
You didn't have to do it...

KATHIE
(repeating it almost to
herself)
You wouldn't have killed him.
(to Kathie this is the
definite answer)
He'd have been against us -
gone to Whit...

Jeff remains motionless. The death of Fisher; the growing realization that what he had always feared in Kathie is really there -- has momentarily left him stunned.

73 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff ANOTHER ANGLE - he wipes the blood from his mouth with his hand. There is quiet. Then there is the soft SOUND of a door being shut behind him. He doesn't look. He searches for a cigarette. Mechanically he takes it out. Then he rises.

74 FULL SHOT - Room - as Jeff looks around. Kathie is gone. Then there is the SOUND of a motor. Jeff moves toward the door as the headlights of a car swing around in a big arc. He opens the door in time to see the car whirl away, giving him a glimpse of Kathie at the wheel. He stands for a moment the unlighted cigarette in his mouth. Then he turns back, picks up Fisher's hat, throws it on the body. Then his glance falls on something else on the floor. He bends, picks it up. Glances at it. It is a bankbook.

INSERT A BANKBOOK

Made out to the credit of Kathie Moffat. There is a single entry of $40,000.00.

FADE OUT

(END OF PART I)

FADE IN

INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY Stockton Cut

75 Omitted.

76 On the Tahoe Road as it winds around Emerald Bay. Ahead a road angles to the left. The car turns up this road. Jeff does not glance at Ann as the story ends; nor she at him.

JEFF
(quietly)
I buried him up there. I wasn't sorry for him or sore at her. I wasn't anything.

There is a long pause. Then:

ANN
Did you ever see her again?

JEFF
No.

ANN
Did you want to?

JEFF
No.

He makes a last turn in the road.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE ROAD - DAY

76A The sun is high and shimmers on the lake as Jeff's car pulls up to the house.

INT. CAR

76B As it stops.
77

JEFF
End of the line.

He cuts the motor, turns toward her, puts his arm on the back of the seat. She looks at him briefly, attempts a smile, but knowing that it is not too successful, she looks down at her hands. He leans a little toward her, is concerned for her, knowing the hurt he has caused her; is tender, warm.

JEFF
I told you it wasn't a nice story. I'm sorry, Anne.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE
(flashes him another wry smile, then looks away)
It's all right. I understand.

JEFF
I'm a heel for not telling you--
'til now...

ANNE
(faces him now - partly recovered)
Honestly, Jeff - I understand.
And it's all past.

JEFF
(indicating the house with his eyes)
Maybe it isn't.

ANNE
(concern for him now)
What will happen?

JEFF
I don't know. It 's been a long time -- and I don't know how much he knows.

ANNE
Don't go, Jeff.....

JEFF
I have to. I'm tired of running. I've got to clean it up, someway.
(his hand touches her shoulder, she looks up into his eyes)
Tell me one thing, Anne. Do you want me to come back?

ANNE
(with emotion)
Oh - yes...

He holds her in his arms and kisses her. Then he moves back.

ANNE
No matter what happens....

JEFF
No matter.
(he kisses her hand)
Put that in your pocket.

He gets out. She looks after him for a moment, trying to keep the tears out of her eyes. Then she moves over to the driver's seat.

She moves over in the driver's seat, starts the car. He stands watching, smiling. She looks hard at him, her eyes misted, and hurries away as though wanting to be gone before she cries. As the car goes, his smile slowly fades and he turns toward the house; his face hardening, putting a cigarette in his mouth as he goes, sizing up the house.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WHIT'S HOUSE - DAY

78 As Jeff turns and gazes at it, hesitating as though he knew how fateful the next step might be. Then the thin smile comes on his face, a slight shrug of the shoulders. He pulls out a cigarette as he goes... up to the front door.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL - DAY

79 The shadows of Joe and Jeff fall on the living room door. Joe opens the door, goes in first, holds it open to admit Jeff. Beyond the handsome room is a terrace and beyond the terrace the lake. As the door opens, Whit turns.

JOE
Look who's here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

79A Jeff saunters in, pauses. Joe remains at the door, curious. Whit and Jeff look each other over; then Whit smiles broadly. He comes forward to Jeff, extending his hand.

WHIT
Hello, Markham. Glad to see you again.

They shake hands. Jeff's face only wears the slight smile; but his eyes are watchful.

JEFF
I always wondered if you missed me.

Whit laughs. He looks Jeff over, then cuffs his shoulder.

WHIT
Same guy. Time-proof. Weather-proof.
(turning for a box of cigarettes)
Cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(calmly)
I'm smoking.

Whit grins, takes one himself, puts down the box. Jeff holds out his cigarette. Whit leans close and gets a light.

WHIT
Had breakfast?

JEFF
No.

WHIT
Joe - tell the boy we have a guest.

Joe nods and goes out. Whit looks back at Jeff, almost beaming.

WHIT (cont'd)
I understand you're operating a little gasoline station?

JEFF
You say it like it was hard to understand.

WHIT
It is.

JEFF
It's simple. I sell gasoline and make a small profit. With that I buy groceries and the grocer makes a small profit. We call it earning a living. You may have heard about it somewhere.

WHIT
I may have.
(smiling)
But it wasn't from you.

JEFF
(smiling back)
I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Whit.

Whit takes him by the arm, smiles and leads him towards the terrace.

WHIT
My feelings? About twenty years ago I hid them somewhere and haven't been able to find them.

As they move on the terrace.

(CONTINUED)

79A (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Where did you look?

WHIT
In my pocketbook.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

80 Near the windows a table is set for breakfast. Below and beyond, a vista spreads, of trees and the lake below. They stroll to the edge of the terrace and pause.

WHIT
Like it?

JEFF
Must have set you back a few shells.

WHIT
(smiling)
Always worrying about my expenses.

JEFF
Nice view. Am I here to like it?

WHIT
Not exactly.
(pauses as he stares out)
I need your help.

JEFF
Like old times.

WHIT
(coolly)
I always liked you.

JEFF
You liked me because you could use me, and you could use me because I was smart. I'm not smart anymore. I run a gas station - and I like the view.

WHIT
You can still listen?

JEFF
I can hear.

Whit looks at him with a smile that fades. He looks away again as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
You told me about your business. Well, mine is a little more precarious. And I make considerably more money.

JEFF
That's what I heard.

WHIT
(urbanely)
So has the government.

JEFF
It probably sounds ridiculous - but you could pay them.

WHIT
That would be against my nature.

JEFF
Forget I said it.

WHIT
So I collaborated with a certain man who understands these things. He saved me quite a bit of money. A million dollars. I didn't particularly trust him, so I paid him well.
(keeping his eyes on space)
But he's unhappy. He wants more money.

JEFF
He saved you a lot.

WHIT
And I appreciate it. I always remember what any man did for me.

JEFF
Or didn't?

WHIT
Perhaps. The point is that now he wants two hundred thousand.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Or he could get ten per cent of the million from the Government - if he turned you in.

WHIT
You're up on these things.

JEFF
Does he have something to trade?

WHIT
He has the income tax records.
(smiling)
But I don't see why I should buy them when I might persuade you to get them for me.

There is a pause; Whit lights another smoke.

JEFF
Then I'd have them.

WHIT
I know...but I can trust you.

The slight smile is now on Jeff's face, not Whit's, as they look at each other.

JEFF
I don't think you can trust anybody. You'd better go in there and get them yourself.

WHIT
(with peculiar significance)
I'd rather you did it.

JEFF
Pass.

WHIT
You don't like it?

JEFF
No. I can't get away from my business.

WHIT
Well - it was a nice view.
(turning)
Let's have some breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

Whit moves out of the shot that HOLDS ON Jeff. There is a thoughtful frown on Jeff's face. Then he follows Whit to the table. As he does so, he sees the table set for three. Grapefruit and coffee in place. Whit indicates a chair and sits down himself, still smiling - and then from behind Whit and through the door Kathie appears. Without turning, Whit speaks.

WHIT (cont'd)
You remember Kathie.....

Kathie stands there looking at Jeff, her eyes frightened; Jeff is frozen in his tracks. Then the thin smile comes back on his face as he realizes the trap.

JEFF
(quietly)
Yes, I remember Kathie.

WHIT
(softly)
Kathie's back in the fold. You're back in the fold, too, Jeff.

As Kathie sits and Jeff holds her chair for her.

JEFF
I see what you mean.

WHIT
You see, you owe me something. You'll never be happy until you square yourself.

JEFF
(to Kathie)
Did you bare your heart to him?

She looks at him, a sort of fear in her face, but fascinated.

KATHIE
I couldn't help it, Jeff....

WHIT
(as Jeff sits)
Well, that settles things.

JEFF
Does it?

WHIT
You're working for me.

There is a pause. Then Whit digs into his grapefruit. Jeff pours himself a cup of coffee, pushes his grapefruit aside.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT
(noticing Jeff's action)
Want something else?

JEFF
I don't eat this early. Just coffee.

WHIT
(easily)
This man I was telling you about -
(he meets Jeff's eyes)
- his name is Leonard Eels. But you won't go to him directly. He has a secretary that he's rather fond of...
(he smiles)
Her name is Meta Carson and you'll find her charming. She may even find you charming too. I understand that women have....She'll tell you how she's lined it up.

Kathie is bent over her fruit now. Whit glances at her then at Jeff.

WHIT (cont'd)
You know Frisco - don't you?

JEFF
Yeah - I was there on a party.

He glances at Kathie and then; with a cynical grin at Whit. Whit's face is calm, but his eyes icy. For one second he almost loses his fluent manner; then he gets it back.

WHIT
Then you got around.

JEFF
Like the monkey and the weasel.

WHIT
We'll put you on a train this afternoon.

JEFF
(rising)
Right now I'd like a little shut-eye.

(CONTINUED)

80 (CONTINUED)

WHIT
Find Joe.
(as Jeff turns away)
And don't start worrying....

JEFF
(giving him a crooked smile)
Why should I?

He goes out. Whit looks at Kathie who keeps her eyes on her fruit.

DISSOLVE

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

81 Jeff sits at a desk, writing paper before him, a pen in his hand. Two words are written on the paper: "Ann Dear." He is about to go on, thinking, when steps are heard faintly on the terrace outside the window. He pauses and looks up. A shadow appears, enters slowly. It is Kathie. She stands still looking at him with anxiety and fear. Jeff rises, looks at her coldly.

KATHIE
Jeff -

He just stares at her.

KATHIE (cont'd)
I had to come back. What else could I do?

JEFF
You can never help anything, can you? You're just a leaf the wind blows from one gutter to another.
(taking out a cigarette)
You can't help anything you do - even murder.

KATHIE
You can't say it was - that.

JEFF
I can say one thing - I buried him.

He walks over, takes her shoulder in his hand as she cringes. Smiles with contempt and shoves her away, not wanting to touch her. She is backed against the wall now, staring at him.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(levelly)
What did you tell him?

KATHIE
I -

JEFF
About us?
(as she nods)
You couldn't help it, though, could you?

Her face is slack and innocent now; eyes misted by crocodile tears. They make no impression on Jeff whatsoever.

KATHIE
He knew it, Jeff. He looked right into me and knew it.

JEFF
How much?

KATHIE
(pretending not to understand)
What, Jeff?

JEFF
I mean Fisher. Did he look right into you for that, too?

KATHIE
Oh, no... I didn't tell that.

He crosses and takes her shoulder again; jars her with his grip.

JEFF
Don't lie to me.

KATHIE
I didn't! I wouldn't tell him that! I wouldn't tell anybody that!

He lets go and looks at her.

KATHIE (cont'd)
I swear I didn't. Believe me, Jeff.

JEFF
Oh sure - sure...

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
(quickly)
I didn't know what to do. I was always afraid of him and afraid of what I'd done. I couldn't live that way any more. I couldn't stand it.

He smiles at her.

KATHIE
I've missed you, Jeff. I've wondered about you and prayed you'd understand. Can you understand?

JEFF
You prayed, Kathie?

KATHIE
Can't you even feel sorry for me?

JEFF
I'm not going to try.

KATHIE
(taking a step towards him)
Jeff...

JEFF
Just get out... I have to sleep in this room.

She stops. There is a little of the old shrewdness in her eyes, a touch of fire; the mantle of remorse dropping ever so little. His look is impassive as ice.

JEFF (cont'd)
Let's leave it where it all is.
(a pause for emphasis)
Get out.

She stares a moment longer, then turns and in silence leaves the room. When she is gone, he goes back to the writing desk, his face grim.

82 CLOSE SHOT of Jeff as he goes on with the letter. CAMERA FOLLOWS his pen:

"I'm going to San Francisco. Maybe I'll find out how many mistakes a man has to make to be right once..."

As the pen pauses...

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. CARLISLE RANCH - DAY

83-84 MED. SHOT of Ann as she sits on the porch step. She glances at the partly crumpled letter in her hand. She quickly puts it in her pocket as Jim comes out.

JIM'S VOICE
Well, that's it - and I own it.

Her eyes are looking beyond at the hills; her face grave and she seems only slightly aware of even the existence of the house. Jim joins her as she rises and they go down the path.

JIM
There are still some things to do - like I showed you - but how do you like it?

They pause and look at the place. She barely manages a nod, her mind coming back to the present for a moment, then wandering again as he looks around, proud of the place.

JIM (cont'd)
When I was a kid I used to deliver groceries here. I used to walk away looking back at it and dreaming that some day I'd own a place like this - that house and these fields and the mountains making a fence around it.
(his eyes too now seek the hills)
Then I was a kid and it was just a ranch I wanted to live in with a dog and some guns. That was before you...
(pauses and looks at her with a smile)
After you it changed. It was going to become a home - for us. I changed the dream around. I added some kids to the dogs and guns - and it got even more beautiful.

Ann manages a small smile.

JIM (cont'd)
What are you thinking?

ANN
(almost a whisper)
I wasn't...

83- (CONTINUED)

84

JIM
(looking curiously at her, then smiling, as though understanding)
I know. It's hard for me to believe, too.

He looks at the house, then takes Anne's arm and they walk toward the car.

84A LONG SHOT - the Carlisle house. Standing with simple dignity, the broad expanse of meadows surrounding it, the mountains in the background. Anne and Jim are getting into his car.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

85 As Jeff stands outside an old apartment house, looking up at it, not smiling at all. His face set and slightly frowning. A cab pulls away behind him. He starts up the steps, a shrug in shoulder now, as we

WIPE

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

86 As Jeff raps on the door of Meta Carson's apartment. It opens and Meta appears, blonde and svelte and lovely, wearing slacks and blouse. She looks him up and down and he smiles faintly at her.

JEFF
Meta Carson?

META
(in a nice blue voice)
Yes?

JEFF
My name is Bailey.

META
(opening the door wider)
Come in.

INT. META'S APARTMENT - DAY

87 As Jeff enters. She shuts the door behind him, looking him over appreciatively. The apartment is large, elegantly appointed. French doors open onto a small walled courtyard. French impressionist prints adorn the walls. On a low table by a couch there are glasses and a bottle.

META
(coming nearer him)
I was expecting you.

JEFF
(looking her over)
I wasn't expecting you.

META
(in the blue voice)
Should I imagine that's something in the nature of a compliment?

JEFF
Whit told me you'd be charming.

META
Really? - Would you like a gin and tonic?

JEFF
It would be nice.

META
You may have whiskey if you like.

JEFF
That would be even nicer.

She smiles and pours him a drink; as his gaze wanders and then rests again on her while she hands him the drink, still talking in the nice voice.

META
Miserable weather, isn't it? Or are you acquainted with San Francisco?

JEFF
We were very intimate.

META
Indeed?

JEFF
We lived together.

He takes a drink.

JEFF (cont'd)
(looking around)
You've got a nice apartment.

META
These old houses can be amusing when they're remodeled, can't they?

JEFF
Yeah. I used to live in one in New York that was old - but it wasn't amusing.

META
I've never been to New York.

JEFF
Take a trip there and you'll find one reason why I'm in 'Frisco. Whit said you'd tell me the other.

META
You know, you're rather charming, yourself.
(smiles)
But I'm afraid I don't quite understand you -- you know?

JEFF
No, I don't. But if you'll drop the Junior League patter, we may get this conversation where it belong.

She sits beside him.

META
(coolly)
You worried about something?

JEFF
Should I be?

META
Not if you do what you're told.

JEFF
(smiling)
That's why I am here. I do what I'm told. People trust me. Whit even trusts me twice.
(puffing)
Do you?

87 (CONTINUED)

META
(smiles)
Just as far as I have to. Can you find your way to one-fourteen Fulton Street?

JEFF
When?

META
Tonight.
(sipping her drink)
I'll be there - in the apartment of an attorney named Leonard Eels. You'll call for me at eight - and look around -
(smiling)
I can depend on that...
(picking up a cigarette)
We'll leave together. In a day or so he'll take some stuff home with him. I'll let you know. Then you get it. He won't be there.

JEFF
Where will he be?

META
He'll be with me. I'm his secretary.

She smiles over her drink.

JEFF
Sounds very simple.

META
It is.

JEFF
(rising)
Like two and two make four.

META
That's right.

She rises, walks to a table, puts her glass on it, Jeff rises, moves to her, puts his hand on her shoulder and swings her around. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE.

JEFF
Just remember: I'm coming out of this in one piece, Miss Carson.

ls (CONTINUED)

87 (CONTINUED)

META
(staring up at him)
Do you always go around leaving fingerprints on a girl's shoulder?
(as Jeff releases her)
Not that I mind particularly. You've got nice strong hands.

He looks at her, then turns, gets his hat and walks out. She stands looking speculatively after him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TEETER'S CAFE - NEAR CAB STAND - NIGHT

88-89 A lower class part of the city. Jeff stands near a building, waiting. From the cafe two men, both cab drivers, come out, one points toward Jeff, says something. The other looks off, walks toward CAMERA. As he approaches, a smile of recognition lights his face. He (Petey) hurries forward.

PETEY
Jeff!

They shake hands, and Jeff slaps the little cab driver's shoulder.

JEFF
Hello, Petey.

PETEY
Where you been? You marry some honest dame?

JEFF
I went into the gasoline business - down the line.

PETEY
(shrewdly)
But you're lookin' for me, ain't you, buddy?

JEFF
I went out of business. Let's take a ride in your hack.

Petey grins at him, and they walk toward a cab, Jeff's arm slung carelessly over the little guy's shoulder.

DISSOLVE OUT

ls

DISSOLVE IN

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

90 As they go down the streets. Jeff sitting beside Petey, who is at the wheel. Jeff is smoking urbanely.

PETEY
Buddy, you seem like you're in trouble.

JEFF
Why?

PETEY
Because you don't act like it.

JEFF
I think I'm in a frame.

PETEY
Don't sound like you.

He glances off and pulls the cab up in front of an apartment building.

JEFF
I don't know. All I can see the frame.
(getting out)
I'm going in there now and look at the picture.
(shutting the door)
I don't have to tell you to wait?

PETEY
You don't have to tell me nuthin'.

Jeff turns and goes up the steps to the door, on which is lettered the number: 114 Fulton Street.

91 CLOSE SHOT of Jeff as he looks at the name cards under the row of push buttons by the door. He pushes a button. The buzzer in the latch of the front door SOUNDS. He opens the door.

WIPE

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

92 As the elevator doors open and Jeff steps out. He goes down the hall. It is littered with ladders, rolls of paper and buckets. There is an open door through which we can glimpse an apartment that is being redecorated. At the door next this empty apartment, Jeff rings the bell.

INT. EELS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

95 As Eels opens the door. He is a tall man with shrewd eyes and the trick of a sudden smile that makes his otherwise blank face beam and take life. The apartment is tastefully furnished. Jeff enters and Eels shuts the door.

JEFF
I'm Jeff Bailey.

EELS
(shaking hands)
Yes. Miss Carson said you were to pick her up. I'm Leonard Eels.

The smile flashes over his face and then leaves it blank again, except for the piercing eyes.

META'S VOICE
Bring him in here, Leonard!

Eels leads the way across the apartment, revealing, as they go, French doors opening on a terrace. Meta is sitting near a low table on the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

94 The terrace runs along the front of the apartment, a low iron railing separating it from the terrace of the next apartment, the one being redecorated. As Eels and Jeff come out, Meta smiles graciously. She has a martini in her hand.

META
Hello, Jeffrey! I always wanted my favorite cousin to meet my favorite boss.

EELS
Have a martini?

JEFF
Thanks.

Eels pours the drink, while Jeff smiles faintly at Meta.

JEFF (cont'd)
(as he takes the drink)
Meta always talked about you like you were the ninth wonder of the world.

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

EELS
(with that sudden smile)
You skipped one.

JEFF
Meta must be the eighth.

EELS
All women are wonders, because they reduce all men to the obvious.

META
So do martinis.
(to Jeff)
What do you think of women, cousin?

JEFF
I think every man should have one - his mother.

The smile flashes on Eels' face. Then he looks from one to the other.

META
(smiling icily)
Jeff is the cynical member of our family.
(she stretches lazily)
It's so nice here I hate to go.

EELS
Don't then. Both of you have dinner with me.

JEFF
(to Meta)
Why don't we?

META
(hiding annoyance)
We can't - we promised the -- the Bigelows. Remember?

JEFF
(heckling her)
Call 'em up. We can see them anytime.

META
(as before)
Jeffrey - we can't. I'm sorry, Leonard.

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

EELS
Well, some other time. How long are you going to be in town, Mr. Bailey?

JEFF
I really don't know.

EELS
Business?

JEFF
You could call it that.

EELS
From the South?

JEFF
No.
(slowly - watching him)
Tahoe.

META
(flashing him a warning look - quickly)
We have to go, Jeff...

JEFF
(not moving)
All right.

Meta again flashes him a look, then leaves, going into the living room to get her coat. Eels' eyes follow her, then he looks at Jeff.

EELS
Your cousin is a charming young lady...

JEFF
No, he isn't. My cousin is Norman and he's a bookmaker in Cleveland, Ohio.

EELS
(pauses - regards Jeff)
Where did you say you were from?

JEFF
Tahoe.

Eels' eyes narrow.

JEFF (cont'd)
(slowly)
Where we worry as much as anyone about the income tax.

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

Eels shoots him a sharp glance; a little sweat is on his forehead now. He drains the martini glass though there is nothing in it. Jeff waits him out.

EELS
Frankly, you don't make sense.

JEFF
Neither does my being her cousin or being brought up here to...
(exhibits martini glass)
...leave my fingerprints around. On the other hand, maybe it does. Could be that I'm the patsy... and you're on the spot.

META'S VOICE
Coming, Jeff...?

JEFF
Right away.
(he puts down his glass; to Eels)
Keep the martinis' dry. I'll be back....

He moves out. After a fraction of a second, Eels follows him.

INT. EELS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

95 Meta's eyes examine Jeff's face, but he is smiling. She picks up her pocketbook from the table.

EELS
(struggling to get it out)
I'm glad you could come -- both of you.

JEFF
Goodbye.
(holds out his hand)
You make a great martini.

EELS
Thank you.

META
(abruptly)
Goodnight - Leonard.

She goes and Jeff follows. Eels standing there, twirling the martini glass, looks puzzled and bewildered; one hand mops his brow.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

96 As Jeff pushes the elevator button. Meta looks at him with a hard expression.

META
For a man who appears to be clever, you can certainly act like an idiot.

JEFF
That's one way to be clever - look like an idiot.

He opens the elevator door. They go in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

97 As it descends. Jeff lights a cigarette, ignoring Meta's gaze.

META
He looked like an overweight ghost. What did you say to him?

JEFF
I said he made a great martini.

META
You <u>are</u> an idiot.

JEFF
So is he.

META
You think so?

JEFF
(looking at her)
Why not? He's in love with you.

As the elevator reaches the ground floor and the door opens.

WIPE

EXT. EELS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

98 As Jeff and Meta emerge. Petey gets out of the cab and opens the door for them. They get in and he shuts the door. His glance at Jeff is a mixture of admiration and bepuzzlement, perhaps from the view of Meta's handsome leg as she climbed in.

(CONTINUED)

98 (CONTINUED)

META
Mason Building.

Petey climbs in and the cab pulls away.

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

99 Jeff and Meta settle back in the cushions. He glances at her frigid face. Jeff smiles at her.

JEFF
The conscience bother you -- crossing a nice guy like that?

META
Maybe he isn't such a nice guy. Maybe he crosses people, too.

Jeff sits back in his seat.

WIPE

EXT. MASON BUILDING

99A As the cab pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAB

99B MED. SHOT - as Meta starts to open the door.

JEFF
Do I go along?

META
No. You go back to your hotel and wait.

JEFF
Yes, ma'am.

She gets out and heads for the building. Both Jeff and Petey watch her.

PETEY
Nice.

JEFF
Awfully cold around the heart. Let's go.

The cab starts. A moment. Then:

JEFF (cont'd)
Hold it.

(CONTINUED)

Petey stops the cab again. Meta has disappeared into the building. Jeff climbs out.

JEFF
Go around the block and stop right here.

Petey nods, drives out of scene. Jeff walks back to the entrance of the building; after a glance inside, he goes in.

INT. MASON BUILDING - NIGHT

100 Jeff enters, looks around, walks to the directory and glances down it, his finger moving down the alphabet to "E" and then to Eels' name as it is listed. He turns abruptly away now and leaves the building.

EXT. MASON BUILDING - NIGHT

101 Jeff comes out, moves down the street to a dark entry way and stands in the shadow, watching the entrance of the building. He lights a cigarette, cups the glow, watches.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MASON BUILDING - NIGHT

102 As Meta hurries out. She is carrying a brief case; she goes to the curb, looks up and down the street, signals a cab that passes. It turns around.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

103 As in the entry way Jeff watches. He starts forward to Petey's waiting cab as Meta's cab passes in the b.g.

JEFF
(to Petey)
Follow her, Petey. And then wait for me at Eels' apartment house.

Petey nods and pulls away. Jeff watches the cabs disappear, then hurries across the street.

WIPE OUT

fhf

WIPE IN

EXT. EELS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

104 Jeff hurries into scene, punches several of the bell buttons. The buzzer SOUNDS. He opens the door.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

105 As Jeff enters. He is in no hurry now. He goes carefully, easily, a slight smile fixed on his face. Passes the elevator to the stairway and starts up.

WIPE

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

106 As Jeff comes up the stairs, goes down the hall to EEls' apartment. He rings. There is no answer. He waits and then turns to the next door vacant apartment, glances along the hall and then enters.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

107 As through the shadowy French doors of the vacant apartment Jeff's figure appears, crossing the apartment. He opens the French doors, comes out on the terrace, makes his way stealthily to the doors of Eels' apartment.

108 MED. SHOT PAST Jeff INTO Eels' apartment. There is considerable disorder. The lights are all on. Papers are strewn about, a chair overturned. Cautiously, Jeff enters.

INT. EELS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

109 As Jeff comes in. Eels' fat body is on the davenport like a man sleeping, a little awry. Beside the davenport a low table bears a cocktail shaker as though Eels has been making a batch of martinis, as in fact he had. Jeff looks down at him. Bends over and shakes him a little.

JEFF
Wake up.

The body rolls over a little; a limp hand falls, a martini glass spins out of the slack fingers to the floor. Jeff stares at a dead face.

JEFF
(softly)
Okay - you can sleep.

(CONTINUED)

He straightens up, takes a little deep breath, his eyes looking down at the fat man, a wry small smile coming back on his face.

JEFF
(very soft)
Idiot...

He turns away, staring around. A picture on the wall has been pushed aside, revealing a safe. The picture is a big etching of a cathedral. Jeff goes to the door, opens it and looks into the hall. He closes the door, looks into the bedroom. Then returns and looks at the terrace, thinking. Coming to a decision, he starts straightening the apartment.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

110 Jeff's shadowy figure, burdened down with Eels' body, moves across the apartment to a closet door. He opens the closet door, puts the body inside, closes and locks the door. He comes out on the terrace, hurries along it to Eels' apartment, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH him. He closes the French doors, then starts back along the terrace to the vacant apartment.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

111 Jeff comes out of the vacant apartment, closing the door and locking it, then he hurries to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

112 MED. SHOT - ANGLED ON call buttons. As the elevator door closes, someone downstairs pushes the button to summon the elevator and the elevator starts down. Jeff jabs the stop button. The elevator stops, he opens the door and steps out on the third floor.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

113 As Jeff starts away down the hall toward the stairs, the elevator buzzer RINGS again and the cage starts down. Jeff disappears down the stairway.

ls

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

114 As Jeff emerges from the stairs, looks cautiously up and down and then hurries to the front door and exits.

EXT. EELS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

115 It is raining now. Jeff comes out, glances down the street to the dark entrance to another building, then steps back into the entrance.

116 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, as he stands in the dim light, looking off, grimly, wiping some rain from his face.

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

117 The windshield wipers clean the rain from the windshield as the cab approaches Eel's apartment house. Jeff steps into the scene of Petey's vision and gestures.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

118 As Jeff comes through the rain, opens the cab door and jumps in.

JEFF
Let's blow!

Petey swings the cab away fast.

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

119 As Jeff sits back beside Petey. He takes the cigarette from Petey's mouth and takes a deep drag, like a man who needs one.

PETEY
I lost her.

JEFF
(putting cigarette back in Petey's mouth)
She's worth losing.

PETEY
I jumped a signal and got trapped by a gabby cop.
(looking at Jeff's grim face)
Here -- finish it.
(gives him cigarette butt)
Shall I pick up her back?

119 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
No.

PETEY
Where to?

JEFF
Telegraph Hill.

He is silent, looking thoughtfully ahead.

PETEY
(curiously)
You have bad luck with something?

JEFF
Yeah...my timing was a few minutes off...

DISSOLVE

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - (RAIN)

120 An alleyway runs to a brick wall surrounding the courtyard of Meta's apartment. Jeff pulls himself up over the wall. A dim light burns in Meta's apartment. In the apartment above a party is going on. Jeff pauses to glance up. MUSIC drifts through a partly-open window. Shadows move past the window; laughter suddenly rings out -- a woman's, gay and intoxicated. Jeff goes on.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - (RAIN)

121 As Jeff tries the door, then opens it with a pass-key and enters.

INT. META'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

122 Jeff crosses to a desk, starts going through the drawers. Finding nothing, he moves around the apartment, glances into the cupboards and closets. The telephone on the desk RINGS. He stands still, after jumping a little at the shrill sound. Now he smiles at his own tenseness; looks at the instrument as it shrills again. He waits. A glass from the apartment above falls and smashes outside the French doors. There is a laugh. The phone becomes silent. Jeff crosses to the bedroom door, pushes it open. He is about to go in when footsteps SOUND along the hallway. He steps into the dark bedroom as a key RATTLES in the lock.

123 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, as the apartment door opens and Kathie enters. She closes the door. Jeff watches. She drops her rain cape and umbrella on the floor and goes to the desk. She puts her purse on the desk, picks up the phone, dials a number.

Changes

"BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH"

124 MED. SHOT on desk - of Kathie as Jeff sees her. She holds the receiver to her ear, a faint voice rasping from the instrument.

KATHIE
Mr. Tillotson? This is Meta Carson. I'm worried about Mr. Eels. I know he's home, but he doesn't answer his phone. Would you go up and see if he's all right?
(pause)
No... he was to wait for my call. I don't want to be a nuisance, but I'm sure he's there, and I'm worried. Would you call me right back? Filmore 0710.

INT. MR. TILLOTSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

124A Tillotson speaking into the phone.

TILLOTSON
Yes, Miss Carson. Right away.

KATHIE'S VOICE
Thank you.

Tillotson hangs up, moves to a desk, picks up his big bunch of keys and is separating one as he moves out.

INT. META'S APARTMENT

124B MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kathie. She lights a cigarette, looking thoughtfully at the phone. Then she walks over to the screen that separates the kitchenette from the rest of the apartment and goes behind it. MUSIC blares from the party upstairs, then fades down.

125 MED. SHOT - kitchenette. It is compact; there is a small stove, icebox and sink. Kathie opens the icebox, gets a bottle of water out and a glass and pours a drink. She is nervous and excited. The telephone RINGS and she hurries to it, CAMERA FOLLOWING her. She picks it up.

KATHIE
Yes?
(sharply)
He isn't? Did you go in the apartment? But he must be there!
(pause)
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up. She frowns at the phone, then picks up her drink, takes a swallow, puts it down and grabs up the phone again, dialing a number.

KATHIE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Joe Stefanos, please... Then leave word for him to call Miss Carson's apartment right away.

She hangs up, picks up her drink again and swings around.

126 MED. SHOT - room, to include the bedroom door. Just as Kathie turns Jeff appears from the bedroom. There is a grim smile on his face. Kathie stifles an exclamation, shrinks back.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Was there a slip-up, baby?

Kathie is frozen speechless. She backs up to the desk a little, and slowly, to where her purse is. Jeff follows, roughly grabs her and swings her in a half circle away from the desk. She sinks, almost falling, on to the couch.

JEFF
Did you by any chance--send your friend up there to find Eels dead?

KATHIE
No - Jeff - no...

JEFF
Tell me....!

She stares at him. He grabs her shoulder, jerking her to her feet.

JEFF
Tell me....

KATHIE
(tears in her eyes - terribly afraid)
Oh, don't, Jeff -- don't...

JEFF
Don't what?

KATHIE
I - I don't want to die...

JEFF
Neither do I, baby -- but if I have to - I'm going to die last...

Kathie is crying - she puts her head down on his chest. He lifts up her chin to make her face him.

JEFF
Something slipped up, didn't it, baby? They told you they were going to knock him off -- and they haven't done it, have they?

She can't speak - she shakes her head, he roughly pulls her chin back to make her face him.

JEFF
They haven't - because I tipped him off. He blew...

(CONTINUED)

hh

She ceases struggling her head against his hand; stares at him, trying to think it through.

KATHIE
He's all right --

JEFF
Didn't you want him to be?

KATHIE
Yes - yes. Because if he dies - they'll - say you did it.

JEFF
(staring at her)
You're wonderful, Kathie. Absolutely magnificent. You can change sides so smoothly...

His fingers close on her chin.

KATHIE
No - Jeff -- don't -- don't - you're hurting me.

He shoves her from him; she lands on the couch. She sits there, shrinking back, her eyes never leaving him, fear in her face, and her mind thinking rapidly. Jeff paces, we PAN WITH HIM.

JEFF
I'm almost getting it. It's very pretty. Whit wants to get Eels out of the picture. And square an old account with me. Two birds together. So I come to town with an address. And a blonde takes me up to visit the chump who has to go. I have a drink and leave my prints around. I leave and somebody gets him. Eels dies and the tax papers -- they were in the briefcase Meta took, weren't they...

He stares at her but she doesn't answer, just huddles back in the sofa. Jeff continues:

JEFF (cont'd)
--the papers go to Whit. And I'm the fall guy. There's just one thing missing. The plant. What was there to give me a motive? I wouldn't kill a guy for a martini.

He moves toward her, stands over her.

126 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
(deadly)
Tell me, Kathie....

KATHIE
They made me sign it, Jeff...

JEFF
Sign what?

KATHIE
An affidavit....

JEFF
Go on.

KATHIE
I couldn't help it! They made me sign it! I swear I couldn't help it, Jeff! They said they'd find the body. They'd tell the police I killed him....

JEFF
(staring at her)
Fisher.

She nods.

JEFF (cont'd)
Perfect. Foolproof and beautiful. That Whit -- he can really hate can't he? You said it once: He can remember.

ANOTHER ANGLE

126A He is smiling at her. She has thought out her move. She moves forward on the couch, rises, comes to him, slowly.

KATHIE
I've never stopped hating him, Jeff. I couldn't help myself, I was caught, too. But we don't have to be against one another - now...

JEFF
Don't we?

KATHIE
We can break out of it. All we need is that brief-case...

(CONTINUED)

Jeff listens carefully. She is moving toward him, slowly, smiling now.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Then we've got them, Jeff. We can get anything we want from them.

JEFF
I'd like the affidavit you signed.

KATHIE
We can get it. It's in Eels' office safe. We can make Meta get it. We can make them do anything, ...

JEFF
Sure...

KATHIE
(close to him - softly)
Jeff - you ought to have killed me for what I did a moment ago...

JEFF
There's time.

KATHIE
No - you won't. I've never stopped loving you, Jeff. I was afraid, and no good - but I never stopped. Even if you hated me. Did you, Jeff...

JEFF
(quietly)
Yes.

KATHIE
But you don't now...

Jeff plays along, taking a long time to say it, looking at her challenging, pleading face. Slowly his arms go around her...

JEFF
No...

KATHIE
We can be together again. A way we never were. We can go back to Acapulco and start all over as though it had never happened...

(CONTINUED)

hh

126A (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Yes.

They kiss. After a moment:

JEFF (cont'd)
(very softly)
How do we get the case?

KATHIE
Whit owns a club here -- the Sterling Club -- Meta took the briefcase there. To a man named Baylord...

JEFF
I might get by with it...

KATHIE
You will, darling....

She lifts her face to kiss him again. They are interrupted by the sharp sound of a buzzer. They break. Kathie takes Jeff's arm.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Hurry....

Jeff moves out toward the window he entered from. She looks after him. Then she puts on the lights. The buzzer is RASPING. Kathie hurries to the door and pushes the buzzer that releases the front door catch. She straightens her dress, picks up the glass she dropped in the first part of the scene when Jeff grabbed her. Then she goes to the couch, inspects the ash tray, at last going to stand by the door as steps SOUND in the hallway.

127 MED. SHOT of door, as knuckles STRIKE the panel. Kathie opens it. Joe stands framed in the doorway. He steps inside and closes the door behind him.

KATHIE
(sharply)
All right -- what happened to you?

JOE
(coolly)
I went to a nice quiet bar and bought myself a double. I wanted to relax. I must be slipping.

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
I guess you must be!

JOE
(with a little smile)
It wasn't very good. He just stood there shaking so hard he couldn't even pray. I never saw anybody so afraid to die. I didn't like it.

KATHIE
(very quietly)
You killed him?

JOE
(with a curious smile)
Certainly.

He walks past Kathie to the cigarette lighter on the table. She stares towards the courtyard. Then she turns fiercely to Joe.

KATHIE
But I called there. The man went up and looked in his apartment...he wasn't there!

JOE
(turning sharply)
Eels?

KATHIE
No, he wasn't there.

Joe looks at her coldly. His voice is as frigid as his eyes.

JOE
I was there, and the way I left him he didn't get up and walk away.

Kathie stares back at him, then at the courtyard. She swiftly turns and grabs the receiver. Then, realising she can't call Baylord, she slowly puts it down again. Joe is watching her. His voice is low and even.

JOE (cont'd)
What's going on?

KATHIE
I don't know what to think!

JOE
I do. Where's Bailey?

As their eyes meet:

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STERLING NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

128 The club is a typical San Francisco night spot, standing between two vacant lots. An electric sign above it reads: "STERLING'S". A canopy is over the curb. Petey's cab pulls up in front. A uniformed doorman opens the door and Jeff gets out and starts into the club.

INT. STERLING CLUB - LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

129 As Jeff enters. There is a view of a section of the club as Jeff passes the hat check girl and turns up a stairway.

INT. STERLING CLUB - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

130 As Jeff comes from the stairs, moves along the hall and stops at a door on which LOU BAYLORD'S name is lettered. He opens the door, walks in.

INT. STERLING CLUB - BAYLORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

131 It is a commodious and richly-furnished office. Baylord, a heavy-set man, sits behind a big desk. He looks up from a cigar lighter that won't work as Jeff enters, hat slightly down over his eyes.

BAYLORD
What do you want?

The phone SHRILLS. Baylord reaches for it. Jeff walks up, throws it aside. Baylord starts to rise. Jeff smacks him square on the jaw, goes around the desk, pulls the stunned figure to its feet and cracks Baylord once more. The big man slides to the carpet. Jeff picks up the phone.

JEFF
(into phone)
Yeah?

DOORMAN'S VOICE
Mr. Baylord, a man just went up, heading towards your office.

JEFF
(gruffly)
Forget it.

He hangs up. He swiftly opens the drawers of the desk, pulls them out, dumps them, tosses them aside. Through the aperture of the third drawer he finds what he wants, a tan brief case, the one we saw Meta carrying. He smiles, tucks it under his arm, hidden beneath his raincoat. He tries the lighter that didn't work for Baylord, grins as it lights the first time, ignites a cigarette from the desk tray, walks out, stepping across the prostrate form of Baylord.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

132 As Jeff heads for the stairs. A tall, cadaverous man, Rafferty, is starting up the stairs, but halts as Jeff is descending.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

133 As Rafferty waits for Jeff.

RAFFERTY
You want to see somebody?

JEFF
I just saw him.

Jeff pushes past, going casually towards the entrance. Rafferty watches a moment, undecided. Jeff reaches the door.

EXT. STERLING CLUB - NIGHT

134 As Jeff comes out. The doorman stands at the curb. Petey's cab is parked up the street a bit. Jeff looks. The doorman now is barring his way.

DOORMAN
I'll get it for you, sir.

JEFF
Never mind.

The doorman ignores him, blows his WHISTLE. Petey backs the cab up. Still being very casual, Jeff tips the doorman as the latter opens the door. Petey throws the cab in gear and starts away.

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

135 As the cab moves off. Jeff glances back.

JEFF
Let's get a ticket, Pete.

Petey nods and swings the car around a corner, stepping on the gas.

EXT. STERLING CLUB - NIGHT

136 As Petey's tail light vanishes. Baylord and Rafferty emerge, staring up the street. Baylord is a ball of fire, but restrained as he addressos the doorman.

BAYLORD
You know that hack driver?

(CONTINUED)

136 (CONTINUED)

DOORMAN
I think so.

BAYLORD
(to Rafferty)
Get Joe. Bring that guy back, any way you have to -- just so that brief case comes with him.

Rafferty turns hurriedly back into the club. Baylord hesitates a moment, grim and pondering. He slowly strokes his jaw, then looks scowlingly at the doorman.

BAYLORD (cont'd)
You carry any aspirin?

DISSOLVE

INT. CARLETON HOTEL - NIGHT

137 ANGLE on Porter's desk. The porter is a middle-aged man in uniform. On the desk top lies the brief case and a flat paper-wrapped parcel. Jeff stands at the desk. The porter puts the phone he has been holding to his ear back in the cradle.

PORTER
All arranged, sir?

JEFF
(handing him bill)
Twenty for you. The rest for transportation. Have a boy meet me at the airport in a couple of hours with the ticket.

As he speaks, he puts his hand on the paper-wrapped parcel.

PORTER
Thank you, sir.

JEFF
(picking up brief case)
Sometimes a bad memory is like an ill wind. It can blow somebody luck.

PORTER
I always say everybody is right.

Jeff walks away from the lobby.

WIPE

EXT. CARLETON HOTEL - NIGHT

138 As Jeff comes out. Petey's cab is parked down the street a few yards. Jeff walks toward it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

139 As Jeff opens the cab door, starts to get in, pauses. Rafferty is inside and has Petey covered. Joe suddenly and quietly appears behind Jeff.

JOE
(with pleasant menace)
After you.

He pushes Jeff inside, climbs in behind him.

INT. PETEY'S CAB - NIGHT

140 As Jeff now sits calmly between the scowling Rafferty and the casual Stefanos. Joe takes the briefcase from Jeff's hand.

JOE
You won't need this.

PETEY
(looking back)
I couldn't do nothin', Jeff.

JOE
You can now -- start movin'!

Petey starts up, disgust on his face.

JEFF
I get in a lot of trouble, don't I?

JOE
You shouldn't steal so much.

As Petey swings around the corner,

WIPE

INT. STERLING CLUB - NIGHT

141 ANGLE on stairway, as Jeff, Rafferty and Joe, come into the club. People in evening clothes are coming from the night club part. The MUSIC can be heard. Jeff glances toward the MUSIC as the three start up the stairs. CAMERA FOLLOWS them TO Baylord's door. Joe opens it. Rafferty (a final chance to get tough) shoves Jeff inside. Rafferty turns and stays outside.

INT. STERLING CLUB - BAYLORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

142 As Jeff comes in. Joe has closed the door. Jeff stands, looking around. Baylord is standing by the desk. Kathie is sitting by the wall, her face a mask. Jeff's gaze fixes on her. She returns it. His smile is broader and contemptous.

JEFF
We meet in all kinds of places.

Lou has swung around from the desk now, and without any particular display of rage, smacks Jeff across the mouth with the back of his hand. Jeff doesn't reel. Lou brings the arm back in the same arc, smacking Jeff's face again, then staring at him.

JEFF (cont'd)
(to Baylord)
Feel better?

The smile had left Jeff's face, but it is back again, thin and permanent. Joe has tossed the briefcase on the desk. Baylord swiftly turns to it and opens it. They watch him as he extracts a telephone directory. Lou stares at it and his eyes slowly rise to Jeff.

143 MED. SHOT - group, including Kathie. Lou slams the telephone directory to the desk. Jeff glances over at Kathie and smiles. Her eyes narrow. She is thinking fast. Jeff changes his glance as Lou moves over to him, murder in his eyes. His fist clenches. Jeff shakes his head.

JEFF
(calmly)
I wouldn't. Roughing me up won't get you anything except out of breath -- will it Joe?

Lou still moves toward him.

JOE
(softly)
Cut it, Lou.

JEFF
(dropping into a chair)
Your move now is to do a little thinking -- and talking.

Lou's fist unclenches. He realizes Jeff holds the cards. Jeff glances again at the rigid Kathie.

JEFF
You see, I've got the files that were in your handsome briefcase. And I'm also vaguely aware of the address of the Treasury Department.

(CONTINUED)

143 (CONTINUED)

They look at him in deadly silence.

JEFF (cont'd)
That's the theory, isn't it? To keep the files from the Treasury boys? Save Whit from ten years in a Federal resort. Correct me if I'm making a mistake.

BAYLORD
(quietly now)
We may do that.

JEFF
Sure. And the government may just pat Whit on the back and say you shouldn't hold out on us like that -- but go on home because we got all the dough we need and we won't miss your million dollars.
(to Joe)
Want to lay a price on that?

Jeff grins again at Kathie; her eyes are staring into his.

BAYLORD
How did you know I had the briefcase?

144 CLOSE SHOT - Kathie, as she reacts to these quiet and ominous words, seemingly holding her breath.

JEFF'S VOICE
That doesn't seem to be the point any more.

145 CLOSE SHOT - group.

BAYLORD
(insistent)
How?

JEFF
(flicking Kathie a glance)
I had Meta tailed.

Kathie starts breathing again.

BAYLORD
You sure of that?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
I'm in a peculiar position. I don't have to be sure of anything -- except the files.
(smiling)
And I'm sure of that.

BAYLORD
And you want to do some business?

JEFF
Why not? You want the file? You can have it. You can also have Eels' body, if you like. Maybe you'd want to keep it from the cops.

BAYLORD
What's the joker?

JEFF
That affidavit that Meta put in Eels' safe when she took out the files. -- The lie somebody put on paper that I killed a guy named Fisher.
(as both Lou and Joe look at Kathie)
You see I just buried him -- and you don't take the gas for being an undertaker.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE - favoring Kathie. She is trying to keep the fear out of her eyes. After a moment:

BAYLORD
(looking from Joe to Kathie)
Four of us knew about that affidavit -- outside of Whit. -- Somebody talked.

There is a pause. Jeff watches Kathie, interested in seeing how she will get out of her spot. Kathie rises, crosses to the desk. As she moves:

KATHIE
Did Meta tell you?

JEFF
No.
(grinning)
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
(picking up phone -- into it)
Put in a call for Whit Sterling.

Lou crosses to her hurriedly.

BAYLORD
No!
(taking phone -- speaking into it)
Never mind.

KATHIE
Give me that phone!

BAYLORD
Sit down! It's best for all of us to keep Whit out of this.

JEFF
He's right, Kathie.

Kathie looks toward him; there is a slight smile in her eyes.

JEFF (cont'd)
You hurt her feelings, Lou. I can tell you she's a sensitive girl.

BAYLORD
I'm kind of sensitive myself.

JEFF
And you don't need Whit. All you need is Meta to unlock that safe in Eel's office.
(afterthought)
I hope Meta's still around.

BAYLORD
She's around.

JEFF
(walking toward the door)
Then you can start now. I'll give you a ring in an hour. That'll give you time to find her and get there, and a little extra to think about how you might cross me --
(turning at door)
But you won't.

He smiles, flicks his cigarette away on the carpet and walks out. Lou, Kathie and Joe stare after him. Joe saunters a step or two and stomps on the burning butt.

DISSOLVE OUT

147 OMITTED

148 OMITTED

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

149 As Jeff steps into a dark entryway, watching the building across the street.

EXT. MASON BUILDING - NIGHT

150 No lights show in the building. Two men pass on Jeff's side. He steps back into the darkness.

151 CLOSE SHOT - of Jeff. His face is grim, but a kind of pleasant certainty mixed with caution is written on it. As he moves from the deeper shadow again to look, the SOUND of police sirens is heard.

152 ANGLE ON building entrance, as police car swings up to curb and two cops alight. With them is Mr. Tillotson.

153 CLOSE SHOT on Jeff, as he stares.

153A MED. CLOSE SHOT - Tillotson and the cops to positively identify Tillotson.

153B CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. His face goes slack and he realizes it is too late, that Eels' body has been found. His lips make a thin line, yet still he scans the street. And now he sees:

153C An approaching sedan, as it comes slowly. Inside it are Meta, Rafferty, Baylord, Kathie and Joe. They are watching the building and the police cars. The lights go on in a suite of offices. Then the sedan picks up speed and vanishes down the street.

154 CLOSE SHOT of Jeff, as he watches them go. For a second he leans against the wall, a little tired and disappointed; then casually he starts up the street.

EXT. POOL HALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

155 MED. SHOT. A cigar counter is on one side of the entrance and a phone booth is on the other. A man sits behind the cigar counter, reading. Baylord's car pulls up at the curb. Kathie gets out and crosses to the phone booth. She enters the booth. Joe follows to stop at the cigar counter.

156 MED. SHOT - ANGLED PAST Joe at phone booth. We see Kathie in the booth, dialing a number. Joe puts a bill on the counter.

JOE
Would you bust this, Jackson.

Joe indicates the phone booth. The clerk hands him change in bills and silver. Joe crosses to the booth and opens the door.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

157 CLOSE SHOT. Kathie stands at the phone with the receiver to her ear.

KATHIE
That's right. Whit Sterling, at the Blue Sky Club in Reno.

Joe reaches into the booth and puts a handful of change on the shelf. He stands in the doorway.

KATHIE (cont'd)
(sharply)
Shut the door.

JOE
Don't forget. Those dames listen in.

INT. BLUE SKY CLUB - NIGHT

158 This is a small private room. Whit Sterling is sitting down at a table playing gin rummy. Three men are kibitzing his opponent. The men are watching intently. Whit turns the score pad and glances at it.

MAN
You're on all three games.

WHIT
I like to be.

The phone rings on a nearby desk. Whit rises and starts towards it, his cards in his hand. Then he pauses, smiles, moves the deck towards the edge of the table, far from the reach of the others, and picks up the phone. The other player leans back and lights a cigarette.

WHIT (cont'd)
(in phone)
Sterling here.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
San Francisco calling.

Whit smiles, glances at his cards that he shuffles deftly with one hand.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

159 As Kathie speaks. Joe is outside, smoking.

KATHIE
Whit, darling, this is Kathie

WHIT'S VOICE
Everything all right?

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
No --

WHIT'S VOICE
It seldom is.

KATHIE
I think you better stay where you are for a little while.

INT. BLUE SKY CLUB

160 Whit on the phone. He smiles slightly.

WHIT
Could you tell me why?

KATHIE'S VOICE
I can't talk now. Things are mixed up.

WHIT
Bailey mix them?

KATHIE'S VOICE
I can't talk on the phone. We're trying to get a plane.

WHIT
But you're bringing me something?

KATHIE'S VOICE
No -- Whit.
(pleading)
I can't explain now, darling. I just wanted to tell you. I don't want anything to happen to you.

WHIT
Like what, honey?

KATHIE'S VOICE
I can't talk any more. Be careful and wait for me. Goodbye.

SOUND of her hanging up. Whit puts down the phone slowly and walks casually to the table.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

161 As Kathie emerges and Joe looks at her.

JOE
You look like I might be in trouble.

KATHIE
(sharply)
You will be if we don't find Bailey.

JOE
(following her)
I might be if I do.

As they start out of scene

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. BRIDGEPORT - DAY

162 LONG SHOT - FROM a hill. It is morning and the rising sun throws long shadows of hills across the town. Somewhere far off a dog barks. Smoke rises from the chimneys.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BRIDGEPORT - AT MILLER HOME - DAY

163 MED. SHOT. A boy on a bicycle, with a canvas bag stuffed with papers over his shoulder rides up, flips the rolled paper up on the porch. The paper lands against the door with a thud.

INT. MILLER HALLWAY - DAY

164 Mr. Miller walks to the door, opens it, gets the paper, closes the door, moves down the hall toward the kitchen unrolling the paper as he goes. Ann comes down the stairs. CAMERA STAYS on her as she glances at herself in the hall mirror for a second, puts an added touch to her hair, then goes toward the kitchen. As she nears the door Mr. Miller's voice is heard mumbling.

INT. MILLER KITCHEN - DAY

165 Miller has the paper spread on the kitchen table, reading it; Mrs. Miller, shocked, stands still, listening. After a moment she moves toward him, to read over his shoulder. Ann enters, stops as she hears:

MR. MILLER
"...hunted for two murders. Bridgeport Service Station Operator sought in San Francisco slaying. Five year old murder motive, police say...Lloyd Eels, prominent attorney was found murdered in his apartment building at 114 (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

MR. MILLER (cont'd)
Fulton Street early this morning... when...." let's see...
(he skips down)
"...Jeff Bailey, one time private detective, and more recently operator of a small gas station in Bridgeport...."

His voice has trailed off as both he and Mrs. Miller look up to see Ann standing in the doorway. Her face shows her shock.

MRS. MILLER
(to Ann)
I knew he was no good. I said all along there's a man who should be run out of town....
(pointing to paper)
Look at that!

MR. MILLER
Mary, don't....

Ann comes forward, looks down at the paper. Miller looks at her, hurt for her.

MRS. MILLER
He's being hunted by the police for two murders!

Ann stares down at the paper. Mrs. Miller moans.

MRS. MILLER (cont'd)
I told you, Ann, I told you.

Her father reaches across and takes her hand. She pushes it aside. Then, turning, she starts across the room to the back door. Miller rises and tries to stop her. He catches her shoulder as she reaches the door. Ann turns on him fiercely.

ANN
Let me alone!

Ann runs out the door. CAMERA MOVES UP TO SHOOT PAST Miller standing in the open doorway.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

166 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Miller in doorway. Ann runs down the path and through the gate and out into the meadow.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. CREEK - DAY

167 MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH willows at creek. Jim comes across the meadow, walking rapidly, pushes through the willows, then stops suddenly. CAMERA MOVES UP TO SHOOT PAST him and we see Ann lying face down in the sand at the spot where we first saw her with Jeff. Jim splashes across the creek to her and drops on the sand beside her.

168 CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Ann stirs, glances at him and takes her attention away. Jim lights a cigarette and sits beside her. His expression is grave and troubled. Presently he puts his hand on her shoulder.

JIM
(softly)
You all right, Ann?

ANN
I know what you're going to say and I don't want to hear it.

Jim doesn't answer. She sits up suddenly and there is violence in her expression. When she speaks it is as though she is trying to convince herself.

ANN (cont'd)
Jess didn't kill anybody.
(pause)
He told me everything --

She suddenly realizes she is talking too much and she shoots a quick glance at Jim.

JIM
(sharply)
Has he got you mixed up in this?

Ann rises and starts away from him, CAMERA PANNING WITH her. Jim gets up and grabs her shoulders.

JIM (cont'd)
Has he?

ANN
Whatever he's mixed up in, I am too.

JIM
(firmly)
I'm not goin' to stand by and see him smash you. If he comes back here --

(CONTINUED)

He pauses. Ann looks up at him and she is suddenly fearful.

ANN
(frightened)
What will you do?

Jim doesn't answer.

ANN (cont'd)
(pleading)
You won't run to the police?

JIM
(flatly)
I don't know what I'll do.

ANN
No, Jimmy.

JIM
(bitterly)
You expect me to help him get away?

Jim turns angrily away and starts off along the creek. Ann takes a few steps after him.

ANN
Jim --

Jim doesn't turn. Ann stops and, dropping down on the sand, puts her head in her hands. O.s. there is a faint rumble of thunder.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BRIDGEPORT COURTHOUSE - DAY

169 MED. SHOT. Jim's coupe has just pulled up to the curb. He gets out, moves up the walk toward the courthouse.

EXT. BRIDGEPORT COURTHOUSE AT ENTRANCE - DAY

170 The windows beside the entrance are open. In the entrance-way we can see several small boys waiting quietly. From the open window comes the SOUND of a teletype machine and a police radio loudspeaker. Ed Douglas, the Sheriff, and Sergeant Reed, a State Policeman are just coming from the building.

THE RADIO VOICE
(heard from the window)
...Cooper reporting. Road is now blocked twenty miles south of bridgeport. Checking all cars. That is all.

(CONTINUED)

The radio goes silent. Jim comes up, meets the two men.

DOUGLAS
Hi'ya, Jim.

JIM
Hello, Ed. Talked to the Kid yet?

DOUGLAS
He's gone and the station's locked up tight.

JIM
Gone where?

DOUGLAS
Maybe with Bailey.

Jim turns, accompanies the other two down the walk toward the street.

JIM
That doesn't make sense. You had the law on your tail, would you let a guy working for you come up to chew the fat?

DOUGLAS
(smiling)
I'd want a partner - if I ~~could~~ get him.

A Sheriff's man comes to the window, calls:

SHERIFF'S MAN
Ed...

DOUGLAS
(they stop)
Yeah?

SHERIFF'S MAN
(displaying a teletype message)
Our attention -- says Bailey took a plane to L.A. last night. No trace since. Says may be headed this way.

DOUGLAS
Okay.

The man disappears from the window. Douglas shakes his head. He and the other two start down the path, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH them.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS
(to Jim)
Would you consider it too dumb for him to try to hole up here?

JIM
(quietly)
He'll come here. And when he does, I'll know it.

They walk in silence, both men watching Jim. When they reach the sidewalk.

JIM
See you...

He makes for his car.

171 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Douglas and Reed.

REED
(looking after him)
What's he mean - he'll know it?

DOUGLAS
What do you suppose? Ann Miller.
(thoughtfully)
Me, I'll take the dummy.

As they start down the street

DISSOLVE

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - DAY

172 MED. SHOT. A Ford roadster drives along the highway and turns up the road leading to Whit Sterling's house.

EXT. GATE - DAY

173 MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH gate. The roadster pulls up to the inner gate. The Kid is at the wheel. He gets out and heads for the gate.

INT. KATHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

174 MED. SHOT. The room is furnished with taste and charm. A feminine room with a single bed. Kathie, wearing a tailored robe of soft wool, comes out of the bathroom and goes to her dressing table. Her bags, still unpacked, stand open near the bed. Kathie is drawing her robe about her as she comes into the room. It is obvious that she has been home but a short while. She sits at the dressing table and starts brushing her hair. O.s. there is a KNOCK on the door.

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
Come in.

The door opens. Footsteps cross the room. Joe's reflection is seen in the mirror. He looks at her admiringly, then puts an envelope on the dressing table. Kathie glances at it.

JOE
The kid just brought a message -- from Bailey.

She tightens, looks at it. It is addressed to Whit Sterling. She opens it and reads, then looks at Joe.

KATHIE
He wants to see Whit.
(rises)
And he doesn't want the boy pushed around.
(looking at him)
You didn't?

JOE
He's deaf and dumb.

KATHIE
This isn't going to be easy.

JOE
You better try. We can't stall Whit much longer.

She turns towards the door and Joe follows, his glance still admiring.

WIPE

INT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

175 As Joe and Kathie enter. The Kid is standing staring at a picture on the wall. He looks out of place. He does not turn until Kathie touches his arm; then he swings around. They survey each other.

KATHIE
Can he read lips?

JOE
Better than I can hear.

KATHIE
(to the Kid)
Can you read my lips?

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

KATHIE
Mr. Sterling is fishing.

The Kid points towards the lake.

KATHIE (cont'd)
(shaking her head)
No...in the high mountains...Tell Jeff we're sending for him...Where can we reach you?

The Kid takes a pad and pencil from his pocket and scribbles two words, tears off the sheet and hands it to Kathie. She reads it.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Joe will come to the station, then -- when we have word.

The Kid looks at Joe and back to her suspiciously. Then he nods and starts for the door. Kathie and Joe watch him go. When the door shuts they exchange glances.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Follow him.

JOE
I'm not so sure this is a bright idea.

KATHIE
If you can think of a brighter one on the way -- come back with it.

Joe strolls towards the door.

KATHIE (cont'd)
Don't forget -- there's only one Whit Sterling -- and two of us.

He smiles back at her.

JOE
I'll try to remember.

He goes as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. SONORA PASS ROAD - DAY

176 As the Kid's Ford grinds up the hill towards the camera. There is a gap in the forest wall and the Kid's car turns off the highway into a clearing.

177 The Kid reaches back of the seat, picks up a casting rod and creel and gets out of the car. He slings the creel over his shoulder and starts away. O.s. we hear the SOUND of another car's motor.

EXT. SONORA PASS ROAD - DAY

178 A station wagon rounds a curb, coming up hill very fast. Joe is at the wheel.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY - (PROCESS)

179 MOVING SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Joe THROUGH windshield. Ahead we see a TRANSPARENCY of the Sonora Pass Road, twisting upward. Suddenly Joe jams on the brakes, stops the car, throws it in gear and starts backing up.

EXT. SONORA PASS ROAD - DAY

180 Parked off the road in the trees we see the Kid's Ford. Joe's car backs past camera, swings off the highway into the clearing where the Kid's car is parked. Joe gets out and starts through the trees.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

181 A faint trail leads up over the hillside. O.s. we hear the ROAR of the West Walker River as it goes down the canyon. Joe, moving cautiously, comes along the trail.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

182 Joe, crouching, comes up the trail and cautiously peers down. Far below him, making his way down to the river, we see the Kid. The Kid has his fishing rod in his hand. Joe crouches and waits.

EXT. HILLTOP AT GORGE - DAY

183 SHOOTING ACROSS river. Joe scrambles down the hill to the river and starts down the gorge.

EXT. CANYON GORGE - DAY

184 Joe cautiously makes his way through the rocks to a boulder. Very carefully he pulls himself up on top of the boulder and lies there, looking down.

185 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Joe DOWN INTO canyon. Here the West Walker boils down through a narrow gorge into a long quiet pool and, standing on the sand by a small fire, is Jeff. There is a dirty tent pitched back against the cliff. Jeff's back is to Joe. Joe slowly gets to his feet, takes the automatic from his pocket and draws a bead on Jeff. CAMERA PULLS BACK and ANGLES UP TO HOLD ON A MED. CLOSE SHOT of Joe as he stands against the sky, gun in hand. A bright bit of metal flashes past camera.

INSERT A BIG BRASS SPINNER, with triple hooks, hooks into Joe's chest. The line jerks taut.

BACK TO SCENE. Joe is suddenly jerked forward as he pulls the trigger. The gun goes off just before he plunges off the rock.

186 SHOT - UP ANGLE. A glistening bit of black fishline stretches away. Joe's body hurtles from the rock down into the gorge, CAMERA WHIP PANNING WITH it. Then, as CAMERA PULLS BACK, we hear the WHIR of a fishing line. Then we see the Kid, braced with his arm around a sapling, holding the casting rod in his right hand. The taut line goes down to the river. The Kid jerks the rod two or three times. The spinner tears loose from Joe's body and the line goes slack. The Kid releases his grip on the tree, reels in his line, then starts clambering down to the river.

187 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is staring up the river. His expression is grim.

188 MED. SHOT - FROM Jeff's ANGLE. The Kid scrambles down the rocks to where Joe's body lies in a pot hole. Jeff starts up the creek after him.

189 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLED DOWN PAST the Kid. Joe's body is wedged in the deep pot hole. Jeff comes into scene to stand beside the Kid. The two men look at each other. Jeff puts his hand on the Kid's shoulder. The Kid shrugs, points down to the pot hole, takes the envelope from his pocket and hands it to Jeff. Jeff speaks but the ROAR of the river is so loud we cannot hear him. However, the Kid is watching his lips and nods. Jeff speaks again, but still we cannot hear him, and the Kid again nods. Jeff puts the envelope in his pocket, motions the Kid to follow and they start down the river to where Jeff's tent is pitched.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STERLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

190 FULL SHOT - ANGLED UP THROUGH iron gates. Moonlight falls on the hills and the house overlooking the lake.

191 MED. SHOT - ANGLED ACROSS the bed TOWARD the terrace. Kathie is sleeping. Outside the open French doors we see the moonlit terrace. A shadowy figure crosses the terrace to the doors and enters quietly. It is Jeff. He stands looking down at Kathie for a moment, then drops into the chair by the bed. A match flares as he lights a cigarette. Kathie, startled out of sleep, sits up. The match goes out.

JEFF
What are you scared about?

Kathie doesn't speak. She pulls the tufted silk comforter around her and stares at him.

JEFF (cont'd)
Joe isn't coming back. He got careless and fell in the river.

Kathie looks down to hide her expression from him.

JEFF (cont'd)
Didn't you hear me? Joe's dead, Kathie. Can't you find some tears for him?

Rising, he gets her robe and tosses it to her.

JEFF (cont'd)
Come on.

KATHIE
(almost inaudible)
What are you going to do?

JEFF
Talk things over with Whit. Don't you think I should?

Kathie slips the robe on, swings her feet out of bed, sits on the edge of the bed.

KATHIE
Of course you should. He wants to see you. He's -- he's waiting for you.

JEFF
With his fishing rod? You told the Kid he was fishing.

KATHIE
(hastily)
He came back late this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
I'll bet he's pacing the floor, worryin' about Joe.

KATHIE
(shocked)
You think I sent Joe?

JEFF
(admiringly)
You're wonderful, Kathie

Kathie looks at him imploringly.

JEFF (cont'd)
Well, let's get on with it. Where is the gentleman?

KATHIE
(motioning)
Downstairs, In the library, I think.

She suddenly gets off the bed and digs her fingers into Jeff's arm.

KATHIE (cont'd)
(fiercely)
Don't let him trick you. He'll pay anything you ask. He'll do anything you ask.

JEFF
Sure he will -- anything.

KATHIE
If there was only some way.
(pleading look)
About Jack Fisher.

JEFF
There is.

He tucks her hand in the crook of his arm and heads for the door.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

192 MED. SHOT. The library, which is off the living room, is comfortably furnished. A fire burns in the fireplace. A cupboard door stands open, revealing a small safe. The safe is open. Whit stands in front of the safe, examining some papers. In the fireplace we see charred bits of paper. He whips around as Jeff speaks from the door:

(CONTINUED)

JEFF'S VOICE
Gettin' things in shape for the Treasury boys?

Jeff and Kathie come into scene. Whit, angry as hell, tries to look pleasant.

WHIT
Hello, Jeff. I've been sort of expectin' you.

193 MED. SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Jeff drops into an arm chair near the fireplace. Kathie stands between him and Whit.

WHIT
(nervously)
Well, let's get down to business. Start all over again. Right? You have some papers of mine.

JEFF
They're going to cost you money --

Whit nods.

JEFF (cont'd)
-- and considerable finagling.

WHIT
(impatiently)
Cards on the table. Come on.

JEFF
You take the frame off me. You pin Eels' murder on Joe.

Kathie, who has dropped down on a couch, is watching Jeff covertly.

WHIT
Sure -- sure.

JEFF
I get a modest settlement. Say -- fifty thousand?

Kathie can't help looking shocked at the modesty of the request. She draws her breath in sharply.

JEFF (cont'd)
That's enough to spend my waning years in Mazatlan.
(to Kathie)
Not Acapulco, Kathie. Because I'd keep thinkin' of you...

(CONTINUED)

Now she is looking up at him and her face is a dead mask. Jeff smiles.

JEFF (cont'd)
...up there in the women's prison at Tehachipi. It won't be too bad. Hills all around you and plenty of sun.

Kathie gets slowly to her feet. Her expression is hard and angry. She starts toward the desk. Jeff grabs her and pushes her down.

JEFF (cont'd)
You make me nervous.
(to Whit)
You'll be happier if you let the cops have her, Whit. That's what you have to do. Somebody's got to take the rap for Fisher's murder -- and it isn't me.

WHIT
Wait a minute. I'm not framing a woman.

JEFF
When did you reform?

Whit takes a step toward him.

JEFF (cont'd)
Don't. You're out of shape.

Whit stops.

JEFF (cont'd)
Anyway it isn't a frame. She shot him.

KATHIE
(desperately)
He was going to kill you.

JEFF
You see, Whit. Self-defense. A cinch to beat. Maybe she won't even have to do time.

KATHIE
I'll say you killed him and they'll believe me.

JEFF
(to Whit)
Do you believe her?

Whit looks from one to the other.

JEFF (cont'd)
Go on, Kathie. Tell him about Joe.

WHIT
(sharply)
What about Joe? Where is he?

JEFF
Last time I saw him he was in the East Walker River.

Kathie gets off the couch and grabs Whit's arms.

KATHIE
I didn't send him after Jeff. It was his own idea.

Whit pushes her aside and moves over to stand close to Jeff.

WHIT
Did you kill him?

JEFF
He slipped and fell.
(shrugging)
When I got there, it was a little late. That's a mean river.

WHIT
He was tailing you?

JEFF
You don't go fishing with a .45 in your hand. But stop worryin' about him. It makes everything simple. A dead man -- Fish him out. Write a note and stick it in his pocket. Suicide --
(sweetly)
He couldn't stand living with what he had done.

Whit moves over to stand staring down at Kathie.

JEFF (cont'd)
Don't look so stricken, Whit. You'll get over her. I did.
(rising)
But talk it out, if you want to. I'll wait in there.

He starts for the living room, stops at the door, turns and smiles across at Kathie.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
Tell me one thing, Kathie. Did it take much persuasion to make you say I killed Fisher?

Kathie and Whit stare at him.

JEFF (cont'd)
Come on, feed my ego. Tell me he beat you. Tell me he had to drag every word out of you.
(smiles)
Well; that's the way it is.

WHIT
(sharp)
You said you were going. Get out!

As Jeff exits, grinning.

INT. WHIT'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

193a Whit walks quietly and unhurriedly to the door; he closes it. He turns and walks, in the same manner, back to Kathie who stands facing him, trying to read his thoughts. When he is before her, he brings up his hand and hits her across the face a stinging, open-handed blow. Kathie draws in her breath, but makes no other sound. Her eyes fill with anger. Whit's face shows his rage; this is the first time that we see the inner viciousness of the man.

WHIT
(as he slaps her)
You dirty little phony!
(his voice trembles with anger)
Go on, lie some more -- tell me how you handled things for me in San Francisco! Tell me about it all being Joe's idea! Go on, Kathie, show me how you're going to squirm your way out this time!

KATHIE
(afraid)
Whit - listen to me....

WHIT
(overlapping)
What a sucker you must think I am. I took you back when you came whimpering and crawling -- I should have kicked your teeth in....

Kathie instinctively backs away. Whit does not follow.

(CONTINUED)

WHIT (cont'd)
No - I'm not going to - not now, Kathie. We'll let the law push you around...

KATHIE
You can't...

WHIT
You're wrong. You're going to take the rap and play along. You're going to make every exact move I tell you. If you don't...
(deadly)
- I'll kill you.

She reads in his eyes that he means it; she is filled with terror.

WHIT (cont'd)
And I promise you one thing - it won't be quick. I'll break you first. I'll have you so you won't be able to look into a mirror. You won't be able to answer a telephone or open a door - without thinking - this is it. And when it comes - it still won't be quick - and it won't be pretty.
(their eyes meet and hold)
You can take your choice....

KATHIE
(agonized)
Whit....

He turns away from her to the doors.

193b CLOSE SHOT - Kathie. For one brief moment her mask is down and we see the complete terror in her eyes. Then, faced with the necessity of a decision, she decides to play along. Her eyes narrow as she begins to believe she can work it out.

193c MED. SHOT. Whit has opened the door. He is moving out. Kathie moves after him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

194 MED. SHOT. Jeff is sitting on one of the couches reading. He looks up as Whit and Kathie come through the library door.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Everything settled?

WHIT
(glances at Kathie)
I have to go to Reno for your money. Where's the file?

JEFF
It'll be mailed to you.

As Whit frowns:

JEFF (cont'd)
I crossed you once. I know better than to try it a second time.
(softly)
I've a reason for wantin' to be let alone. So you'll get it. But not until I'm out of reach.

WHIT
(grudgingly)
If that's the way it has to be.

Whit's and Kathie's eyes meet. Her silence is consent. Jeff observes this look.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
While you're in Reno, find a pilot who can keep his mouth shut. Have him set his plane down out in the desert where he won't be seen. Make it about dawn.

Whit nods agreement. Jeff rises, goes to Kathie and gives her cheek a little pat.

JEFF (cont'd)
Cheer up, Kathie. You'll get out of it some way. You always have.

As he starts away:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MILLER HOME - NIGHT

195 LONG SHOT - ANGLED on the back of the house. The house is dark save for a light showing in Ann's bedroom window. The light in her window goes out. CAMERA PANS OVER and we see Jim in close f.g., leaning against the trunk of a tree, watching the house.

196 MED. CLOSE on back door. The kitchen is dark. The back door opens and Ann emerges.

197 MED. SHOT - ANGLED PAST Jim. Ann crosses the yard and hurries to the gate, into the pasture.

WIPE

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - NIGHT

198 MED. SHOT - ANGLED UP. Ann comes down the trail through the trees.

WIPE

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

199 MED. SHOT. The meadow is small. A creek crosses it. It is ringed with lodgepole pines. Ann comes through the tress and out into the moonlit meadow to stand waiting on the sand bank by the creek.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

200 MED. SHOT. Jim, moving very cautiously, makes his way forward.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

201 CLOSE SHOT. Ann sits on the sand, screened from the meadow by a clump of willows. She looks off, listening. O.s. we hear a twig SNAP. Her expression becomes eager. She waits.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

202 MED. SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Jim cautiously moves forward. Below him, not far off, is the creek where Ann is waiting. He squats down and waits.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

203 Ann rises. Jeff comes up to her from across the meadow. He pauses and looks straight at her, smiling a little. Her face is grave.

ANN
(quietly)
They say you killed a man.

JEFF
Do you believe them?

ANN
Not until you tell me.

JEFF
You believe everything I say, don't you?

ANN
Everything you say to me I believe.

JEFF
(looking steadily at her)
I don't know why I do this. Why I let you come back into my stinking life. Why I don't slap your face and send you home. I don't know why.

ANN
Because you said you'd come back.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Not like this.

ANN
You didn't kill him - did you?

JEFF
No.

He stands there, but now she moves closer, puts her arms around him and they hold each other for a long moment.

JEFF (cont'd)
You know I had to come back?

She holds him and nods.

JEFF (cont'd)
(still holding her)
It's been a long game and I've done nothing but lose - but I think I've finally dealt myself a hand. Unless my luck has all run out.

She pulls away and looks at him, frightened.

ANN
No, Jeff!

JEFF
You don't look for luck. You let it find you - and I've been hard to find. But now I think I hold all the cards, and tonight I'm going to play them.

ANN
Take me along, Jeff.

JEFF
I'm going to play this one alone.

She looks at him curiously, wondering.

ANN
You've seen her again?

JEFF
Yeah, I saw her.

ANN
Was it -- the same?

JEFF
I saw her and it was nothing.

ANN
Was she still - lovely?
(silencing him with a gesture)
She can't be all bad - no one is.

203 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
She comes the closest.

ANN
You loved her once - you always wanted to see her again.

JEFF
I will tonight - for the last time.

ANN
Then look at her and look at yourself. And be sure that there's not even a little bit of love left for her.
(looking at him earnestly)
Then when you find out, and know it once and forever, send for me.

JEFF
I know it now.

They embrace and kiss.

ANN
That's what I needed to hear, darling. I'll be waiting for you.

JEFF
(smiling a little)
Maybe I was wrong and luck is like love - you have to go all the way to find it.

ANN
You do to keep it.

He draws back, gazing at her.

JEFF
You'd better go now. Did the Kid do what I told him?

ANN
They're following him south - all of them, the State Police.

JEFF
Good.

They stand and look at each other; they know there's nothing left to say but it is hard to go.

ANN
(almost a whisper)
I can't go...

He smiles at her and turns himself, then hesitates and looks at her and then goes and kisses her once more; she stands and lets him, shutting her eyes and biting her lip Then he turns and walks away and she stares after him, unmoving as he goes, not looking back.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

204 As Jeff makes his way along the trail and into clearing where Joe's station wagon can be seen parked.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

205 As Jeff crosses to the car. Jim Caldwell steps from behind the car from the darkness. Jeff halts abruptly and pulls his gun. They measure each other grimly.

JIM
(glancing at the gun)
You can put that away.

JEFF
I can't think of a better place to put it.

JIM
I just want to tell you something.

JEFF
Tell it.

JIM
I was going to kill you.

JEFF
Who isn't?

JIM
Or tell the cops where you were.
(pause)
I followed Ann tonight.

JEFF
What stopped you?

JIM
Some things you said to her.

JEFF
You said you wanted to tell me something.

JIM
I grew up with her. I've loved her since I fixed her roller skates. I don't know whether I'm good enough for her. But I know you aren't.

JEFF
That's one difference. The other is that she loves me.

(CONTINUED)

Jim flinches very slightly; but his eyes harden. There is ice in both these men now; their eyes never waver from each other; only the slight bitter smile plays on Jeff's lips. Jim goes on as though the other had not said it.

JIM
You told her yourself you didn't know why you let her back into your dirty life. I don't know who you were or what got you where you are, or where it's going to take you - but she's not going with it.

Jeff stares hard at him; the small smile almost faded.

JEFF
Is that all?

JIM
You're on the run, Markham. You're no good and the world is kicking you out. You're hiding here now, but they'll still find you and they'll kick you out.

JEFF
(an open invitation)
You just found me.

Jeff pockets the gun, as though to give Jim a chance to do anything he might like. But Jim only looks at him grimly, unwavering.

JIM
You're no good, Markham. That's what I had to say.

He is silent and Jeff stares at him. Then Jeff crosses to the car, even carelessly turning his back on the motionless Jim. He gets in the car, turns on the motor, pauses and looks at Jim.

JEFF
Say it to the law...then all the rest of your life you can tell her how you did it.

Jim is expressionless. Jeff guns the motor and drives away. CAMERA HOLDS on Jim's hard, expressionless face.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - NIGHT

206 LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Joe's station wagon, now in Jeff's possession, speeds along the highway, toward Emerald Bay, turns off into the forest toward Whit Sterling's house.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

207 MED. SHOT. Jeff drives up to the gate, stops the car, gets out and hurries up the path.

EXT. STERLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

208 MED. SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Jeff comes up the steps to the terrace and hurries across the terrace, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. The lights are on in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

209 MED. SHOT ANGLED TOWARD terrace. Jeff opens the French doors and steps inside. He stops suddenly and his expression grows grim. Then he starts slowly forward. CAMERA PANS AROUND. Between the two big couches flanking the fireplace lies the body of Whit Sterling. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH Jeff ACROSS the room. Jeff stops above Whit's body.

210 CLOSE on Jeff. His expression saddens as he realizes that his world has come down around his ears. He moves forward slowly to stand in front of the fireplace, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. A few embers smolder on the hearth. On the mantel above him there is a clock. CAMERA MOVES IN TO a MED. CLOSE. Jeff stares down at the dying fire and takes a cigarette from his pocket. He strikes a match on the brick, but he doesn't light the cigarette. The match burns down and he flips it into the fireplace. Above him the clock ticks on. O.s. Kathie speaks:

KATHIE'S VOICE
(quiet)
You can't make deals with a dead man.

Jeff turns slowly. CAMERA ANGLES PAST him to reveal Kathie standing in the door leading into the library. She is dressed for traveling.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
No, you can't!

He looks at Kathie, then he goes over near the body and picks up the gun. He holds it in his hand. Kathie moves toward him, watching warily.

KATHIE
And that won't help either.

Jeff pitches the gun on the davenport. She glances at the body and shudders.

JEFF
(noting it)
What's that for?

KATHIE
I told you I hated him. He was no good and now he's dead.

JEFF
He's dead because he was a fool - that's all.

KATHIE
Let's get out of here.

JEFF
Is there some place left to go?

KATHIE
I think so.

JEFF
You're running the show now?

KATHIE
I'm running the show.

He turns and smiles a little and follows her.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

211 As they come out on the terrace. Kathie stops and looks at the dark mountains.

KATHIE
Remember the mountains, higher than these and always snow on them?
(looking at him; quietly)
We should have stayed there.

JEFF
I'm trying to remember something else.

KATHIE
(puts a hand on his arm)
I know it won't be the same at first. But after a while it will be -- because I haven't changed.

JEFF
No, you haven't.

KATHIE
I never told you I was anything but what I am. You just wanted to imagine I was, and that's why I left you...Now we're back -- to stay.

JEFF
I've nothing to say about it?

KATHIE
(logical and quiet)
Well, have you? You're wanted for murder.
(motioning)
Whit's dead. That bundle of papers isn't any good. If Joe was around, you could use him. But he's dead, too. So what are you going to do about Eels and Fisher? For that matter, what are you going to do about Whit and Joe? Someone has to take the blame. They've nothing on me. But I'll make a fine witness -- for the Prosecution.
(sweetly)
Don't you see? There's only me to make deals with now.

JEFF
Build my gallows high, baby.

KATHIE
No... we're starting all over. I want to go back to Mexico. I want to walk out in the sun again and find you waiting. I want to sit in the same moonlight and tell you the things I never told you... until you don't hate me, and until some time you love again.

JEFF
They'll always be looking for us. They'll never stop till we die.

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED)

KATHIE
I don't care - just so they find us together.

She puts her arms around him and he stands there, not holding her, his face a mask except for a slight synical smile of defeat.

212 MED. CLOSE on Jeff. There is pain in Jeff's eyes. He isn't thinking of Acapulco or of Kathie. He's thinking of Ann. He's thinking of what Jim said. Kathie moves up to stand beside him. He doesn't look at her for a moment. She puts her hand on his arm.

KATHIE
If you're thinking of anyone else, don't.
(very softly)
It wouldn't work. Because you're no good for anybody - except me. You're no good and neither am I. That's why we deserve each other --

He stands, remembering how Jim said the same words. A grim smile of recognition is on his face. Her arms go around his neck and she kisses him. His hands hang at his side. Then, as he makes up his mind what to do, he embraces her a little.

JEFF
(flatly; quietly)
Did he get the plans?

She moves back from him and smiles and nods.

JEFF (cont'd)
Where is it?

KATHIE
I'm running the show - don't forget.

JEFF
I doubt if you ever let me. Where's the money?

KATHIE
Upstairs.

JEFF
You better pack a couple of bags and get it.

She turns and he goes with her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

213 As they come in. Kathie's eyes seek and suddenly avoid Whit's body.

JEFF
Toss in a few shirts for me.

KATHIE
I have.

She smiles and leaves. Jeff stands there, lights a cigarette, and his thoughts far away. He stares at Whit. Then crosses to the telephone and dials "0."

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

214 As Kathie emerges from the stairs and goes along the hall to her room.

INT. KATHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

215 As she enters. Her bag stands by the bed, packed. She crosses to the closet, opens it and goes inside. Then she emerges, carrying a big handbag. She rummages in a drawer, takes out a gun and opens the bag; as she drops the gun in we see that there are packets of bills inside.

216 MED. SHOT - Kathie. As she picks up the suitcase, glances around the room, as though a little sorry to leave it; shrugs and goes out.

WIPE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

217 As Kathie enters. Whit's body is moved now and where it lays Jeff has spread a throw rug. Jeff stands at the table. There is a bottle of whiskey and a couple of glasses on the table. He beckons with a glass to Kathie. She puts down the suitcase and crosses to him. Takes the drink. She glances towards the spot where Whit lay.

KATHIE
Thanks.

JEFF
Por nada.

She drinks. Jeff smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

217 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Remember La Mar Azul? You came walking out of the sun and you reminded me of a white moth.

KATHIE
I remember you were a very clumsy flirt, but I liked that.

JEFF
We owe it all to Jose Rodriguez.
(smiles; finishes the drink)
I wonder if he'll ever know what a bad guide he really was.

She studies him.

KATHIE
Jeff, we've been wrong a lot and unlucky a long time -- and I think we deserve a break.

JEFF
We deserve each other.

He tosses the glass into the fireplace, takes her arm while she watches his face, curiously, half smiling, as they go out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

218 As they emerge and saunter toward the car; Jeff gazing at the hills. He opens the car door and puts her suitcase inside and then helps her in. Kathie glances around, a little nervous now.

KATHIE
Hurry - Jeff.

Jeff goes round the car, a grim smile on his lips, gets in the other side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

219 Jeff puts his foot on the accelerator to start the motor. The motor doesn't start. Kathie glances down, reaches over and turns on the switch. The motor catches. Jeff puts the car in gear.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

220 The road ahead is empty. The car moves forward toward the bend.

fhf

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

221 SHOT ANGLED TOWARD Whit's house. The car starts around the bend. CAMERA PANS WITH it. Ahead, we see the opening in the trees where the road reaches the highway. As the car heads for the highway, a State Police car swings into the dirt road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

222 Jeff glances over at Kathie. She is staring ahead with terror in her eyes. Jeff eases his foot on the accelerator - but Kathie looks at Jeff, mouths the word "doublecrosser" and jabs her foot down on the accelerator and the car leaps ahead.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

223 MOVING SHOT - FROM JEFF'S ANGLE. The police car stops and armed uniformed men spill out. Beyond, on the highway, a truck and a sheriff's car skid to a stop and armed men pile out. The men scatter as CAMERA RUSHES TOWARD them.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

224 Kathie has her foot jammed down on the accelerator - Jeff is trying to kick it off. Kathie is struggling to open her bag - she does - takes out her revolver - she mouthes the words: "dirty doublecrossing rat" - Jeff struggles to get the gun from her but she fires it, hitting Jeff. He slumps, the car swerves. Kathie grabs the wheel, raises her gun and, losing her head, fires out the window toward the cops.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

225 In answer to Kathie's fire, there is a fusilade of shots from tommy guns. It rakes the car. Kathie disappears inside the car which swerves and comes crashing into the truck. Men run toward it.

226 MED. SHOT - the men come up and open the door. Kathie is huddled, lifeless on the floor. Jeff is wedged behind the wheel. His head seems to move. Then is still again. The men look in. They glance at each other and their expression tells us that Kathie's and Jeff's problems are over.

FADE OUT

fhf

FADE IN

EXT. BRIDGEPORT COURTHOUSE - DAY

227 A small crowd is gathered; the faces of the people are grave; talk is in low tones. From the entrance way Ann and Jim come walking out. Jim has her by the arm, but her step is firm and her face is a mask. They have to push their way through a group of people at the door who regard them with mixed emotions; sympathy, curiosity, etc. Jim brushes through a group:

JIM
Sorry...

227A TRUCKING SHOT as they walk down the path toward the street.

JIM
Too many people -- too much talk --
(smiles wryly)
Maybe that's why I've always liked this town -- here three people is <u>really</u> a crowd -- let's get in the car and go out somewhere and throw rocks at the sky --

ANNE
(very quietly)
No, Jim - thanks - but I can't...

They walk silently for a moment. She walks away and he doesn't follow, watching her cross the street towards the gas station. A man steps up and starts to talk to him, touching his shoulder to make him turn.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

228 As the Kid is sitting in the sandy dirt beside the grease rack, his face a blank, a little gasoline ruler in his hand, idling with it. As Ann enters the scene he looks up at her expressionless.

ANN
(her voice low because only her lips need speak)
You can tell me. You knew him. You knew him even better than I did.

He stares at her, his lips compressing.

ANN (cont'd)
Was he going away with her?

(CONTINUED)

hh

The Kid looks down at the dirt and sand. Without thinking that he can't understand her when he is not looking, Ann continues:

ANN
(fiercely)
I have to know!
(pleasing)
I have to ...

She realizes he isn't looking - then he looks up again. She speaks clearly:

ANN (cont'd)
(repeating)
Was he going away with her?

The Kid's mind has been made up. He meets her eyes as he nods 'yes'. Then he looks down at the ground again.

229 Omitted

230 MED. SHOT of Ann and the Kid. He doesn't look up. She stares. There is a kind of relief now in her pain. The Kid drops the stick as he again looks up, but now she is leaving. He watches her go, slowly rising to his feet.

231 ANGLE on Ann. As she leaves, hurriedly, we see it from the Kid's gaze. In the distance, Jim is getting ready to get in his car; he pauses as he sees Ann coming.

232 LONG SHOT of Ann and Jim. As he waits and she reaches him; she gets in the car and he climbs in beside her and the car leaves.

233 CLOSE SHOT of the Kid. Still watching. He turns and glances up at the sign that carries Bailey's name. He stares at it, smiles, to show he has lied, then salutes it with his hand in ever so slight a gesture... Then he walks away from it as you leave something forever.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

234 There is the hum of cars. The car bearing Ann and Jim goes down the road, as out of town, passing the sign - the Auto Club marker that tells the mileage to the cities and towns, as we:

FADE OUT

THE END

hh

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PART I

Part II The End.

BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH

Changes
11-4-46
11-5-46
11-19-46
12-6-46
12-27-46

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